

No. 100

# MERRY ENGLAND

CONTENTS

ONE SHILLING.]

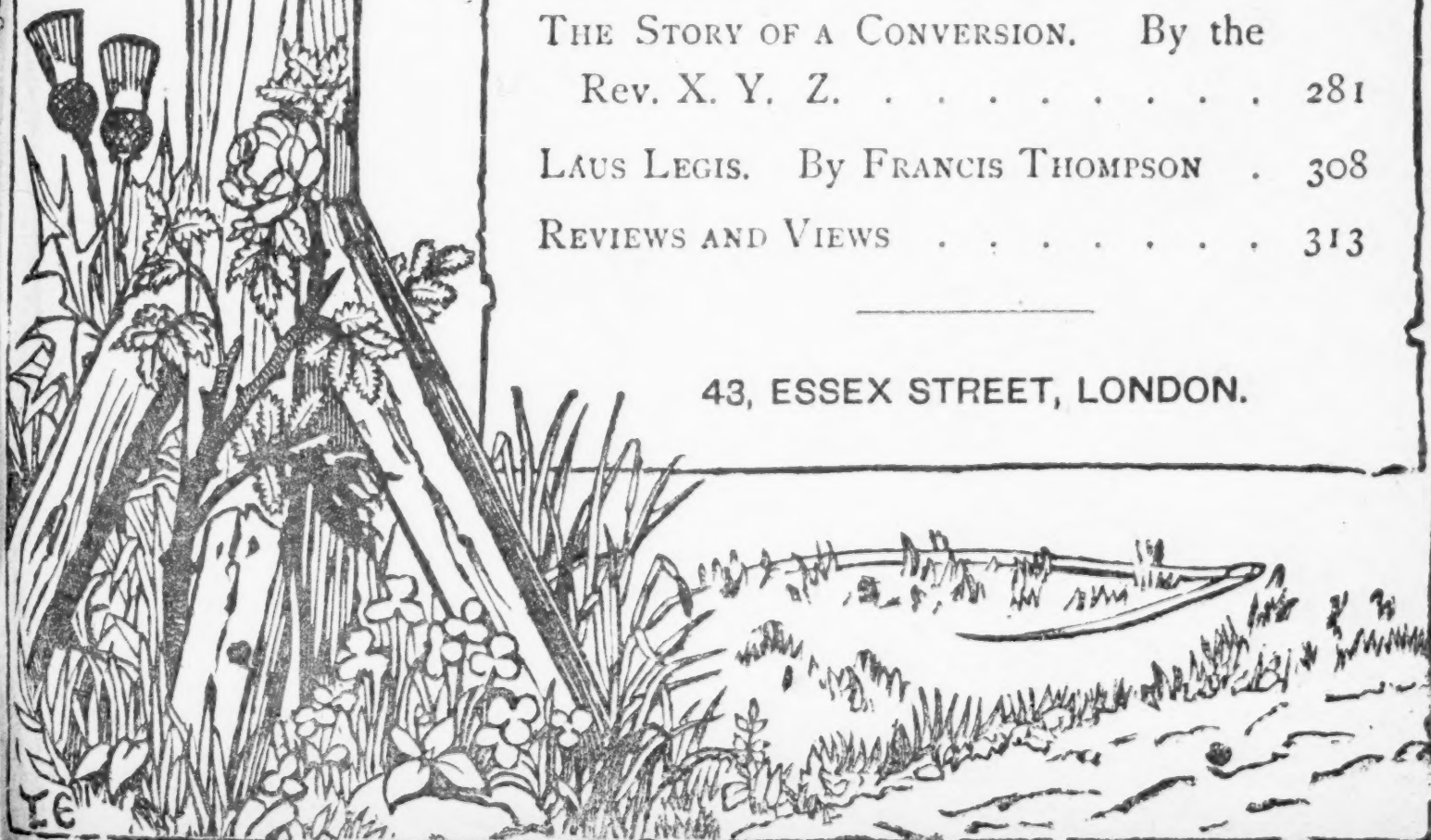
[MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

PAGE

THE SETTING-OUT OF THE SOCIETY: By PHILIP HEMANS. With a Portrait of St. Ignatius Loyola and seven other Illustrations . . . . .	235
A LED FLOCK. By KATHARINE TYNAN.	252
A VISIT TO THE IRISH COLLEGE AT PARIS. By W. F. STOCKLEY . . . . .	253
ETHAN BRAND. By N. HAWTHORNE .	254
HOW WOMAN ACCEPTS. By ALICE MEYNELL . . . . .	278
THE STORY OF A CONVERSION. By the Rev. X. Y. Z. . . . .	281
LAUS LEGIS. By FRANCIS THOMPSON .	308
REVIEWS AND VIEWS . . . . .	313

43, ESSEX STREET, LONDON.



THE  
WESTMINSTER PRESS,

333 HARROW ROAD, LONDON, W.,

*General Printers and Publishers,*

UNDERTAKES THE PRINTING OF

**B**ooks, Magazines,  
Newspapers, Pamphlets,  
Posters, &c.,

ON EXCEPTIONALLY FAVOURABLE TERMS.

SPECIMENS AND ESTIMATES BY RETURN OF POST.





*Advertisements.*

*"The best Catholic Newspaper in the language."*

PRICE THREEPENCE.]

[ESTABLISHED 1849.

THE  
WEEKLY REGISTER.

CATHOLIC FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

SENT POST FREE FOR 13/- PER ANNUM to Subscribers  
in Great Britain who pay in advance.

*The day of the dull newspaper is done. The pressure of life leaves less and less time for the writer to elaborate, and for the reader to linger over, the long papers of a more leisurely generation. Moreover, the sharpened wits of moderns are able to say and to understand much matter in little space.*

*The short swift sentence of Macaulay and the light paragraph have taken the place once held by the ponderous essay with its swelling periods.*

*By recognising this movement in modern journalism, "the readable REGISTER" has made itself a welcome visitor in Catholic homes all over the English-speaking world.*

*By recognising this movement in modern journalism, "the readable REGISTER" has made itself a welcome visitor in Catholic homes all over the English-speaking world. It was a dull duty, write from all quarters to say that they find it, instead, a pleasant pastime; and members of many families date a renewing of their interest in Catholic matters, and a vivifying of their zeal, from the time when "the readable REGISTER" found a place on their tables.*



*The use of clear type, of good paper, and of all the improved technical arrangements, combines with the literary management to produce a thoroughly attractive Journal.*

*This attempt—made with the very special benediction of the Cardinal Archbishop—has been abundantly successful. Correspondents who had supposed that to read a Catholic jour-*

Subscriptions may be taken from any date and for any period.

JOHN SINKINS, 43, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON,

To whom Cheques and P.C.O.'s are payable

VOL XVII.

a

*Advertisements.*

**ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE,  
RAMSGATE.**

---

*Conducted by English Fathers of the Benedictine Order.*

---

1. The above College, by a remodelling of its residential and scholastic arrangements, has considerably widened its scope of action, and now offers educational advantages as high as those presented by any Catholic School or College in the United Kingdom.

2. To facilitate the working of the Course of Studies, the College has been divided into three departments, the members of the two higher of which are separated from the Juniors, and reside in adjacent private houses, under the immediate supervision of the Fathers.

3. The Fifth and Sixth Forms will be sent up for the Oxford Locals and London Matriculation respectively every year. Boys can also be prepared for the Army, Civil Service, and other public entrance examinations.

4. Youths are received up to the age of twenty-one years in the position of "Philosophers" or "Parlour Boarders."

5. The Fathers, who form a permanent staff, are assisted in the work of tuition by lay graduates of English Universities.

6. The Modern Languages taught in the College include French, German, Spanish, and Italian.

7. Ramsgate is conveniently situated two hours from London.

8. Pupils of the College enjoy the benefit of frequent sea-bathing during the summer months.

---

FOR PROSPECTUS, &c., apply either to

**THE VERY REV. FATHER PRIOR,**

OR TO

**THE REV. FATHER RECTOR.**



# Colleges and Schools.

---

## TOOTING COLLEGE, LONDON, S. W.

The Ordinary Course prepares for Preliminary Professional Examinations, and the Matriculation Examination of London University.

For Prospectus, apply to the Principal, the Rev. M. F. O'REILLY, D.Sc. (Lond.)

---

## COLLEGES OF SS. PETER AND PAUL, PRIOR PARK, BATH.

The Autumn Term will commence on September 17th. Two Scholarships are offered to boys entering St. Peter's College. For particulars, apply to the Very Rev. Canon WILLIAMS, President.

---

## CONVENT of the RETREAT OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS,

THE ROOKERY, BURNHAM, SOMERSET.

Boarding School for Young Ladies of the upper classes. Residence for Lady Boarders. An exceptionally healthy situation, nice grounds and sea advantages. Terms moderate.

Apply to the Rev. MOTHER.

---

## DOWNSIDE COLLEGE, BATH.

This is situated twelve miles from Bath, on the Mendip Hills. Its climate is very salubrious and bracing, and the accommodation for the Students is excellent.

The Course of Studies is mainly directed to the Examinations of the University of London, but special Examinations can be prepared for on application.

The numbers are limited, and boys of foreign birth are not admitted.

The bulk of the School has been examined this summer by the Delegates of the University of Oxford, and the following is the conclusion of the report :—

"I have been much pleased with all that I have observed of the College as a whole. The teaching is sound and thorough. There is no very great prominence of one or two boys, but, on the other hand, there are no instances of great neglect. Each pupil seems to be properly instructed."

It may be remarked that out of seventeen candidates sent up to London University during the past three years, only one has failed.

The College is under the care of Fathers of the English Benedictine Congregation, and their Benedictine methods of education are well known by their almost unvarying good results.

All information may be had from the Prior,

The Very Rev. J. CLEMENT FOWLER.

---

## FRANCISCAN CONVENT, TAUNTON.

A limited number of Young Ladies of the higher classes are received for education.

For terms, apply to  
Mr. S. JERNINGHAM.

---

## DOMINICAN CONVENT, ST. DOMINIC'S, STONE, STAFFORDSHIRE.

School for a limited number of Young Ladies. The Course of Studies comprises all branches of a higher education.

For particulars, apply to the Rev. MOTHER PRIORESS.

---

## CONVENT OF NOTRE DAME,

CLAPHAM COMMON, S.W.

The Sisters of Notre Dame receive a limited number of Young Ladies as Boarders and Day Boarders, to whom they offer all the advantages of a superior education. The Pupils, at the desire of their parents, are prepared for the University Local Examinations, in which they have been most successful, and have gained certificates and prizes in the Oxford and Edinburgh Examinations.

For further particulars, apply to the Superioress, as above.

## *Advertisements.*

---

**ESTABLISHED 1851.**

### **BIRKBECK BANK,**

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

THREE per CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS, repayable on demand.  
TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, calculated on minimum monthly  
balances, when not drawn below £100.  
STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

#### **SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.**

For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums on deposit, and allows Interest, at the rate of THREE per CENT. per Annum, on each completed £1. Accounts are balanced and Interest added on the 31st March annually.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

---

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH, OR A PLOT  
OF LAND FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH, with immediate possession. Apply  
at the Office of the BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.

THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post-free on application.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager

---

#### **THE UNIVERSAL HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES**

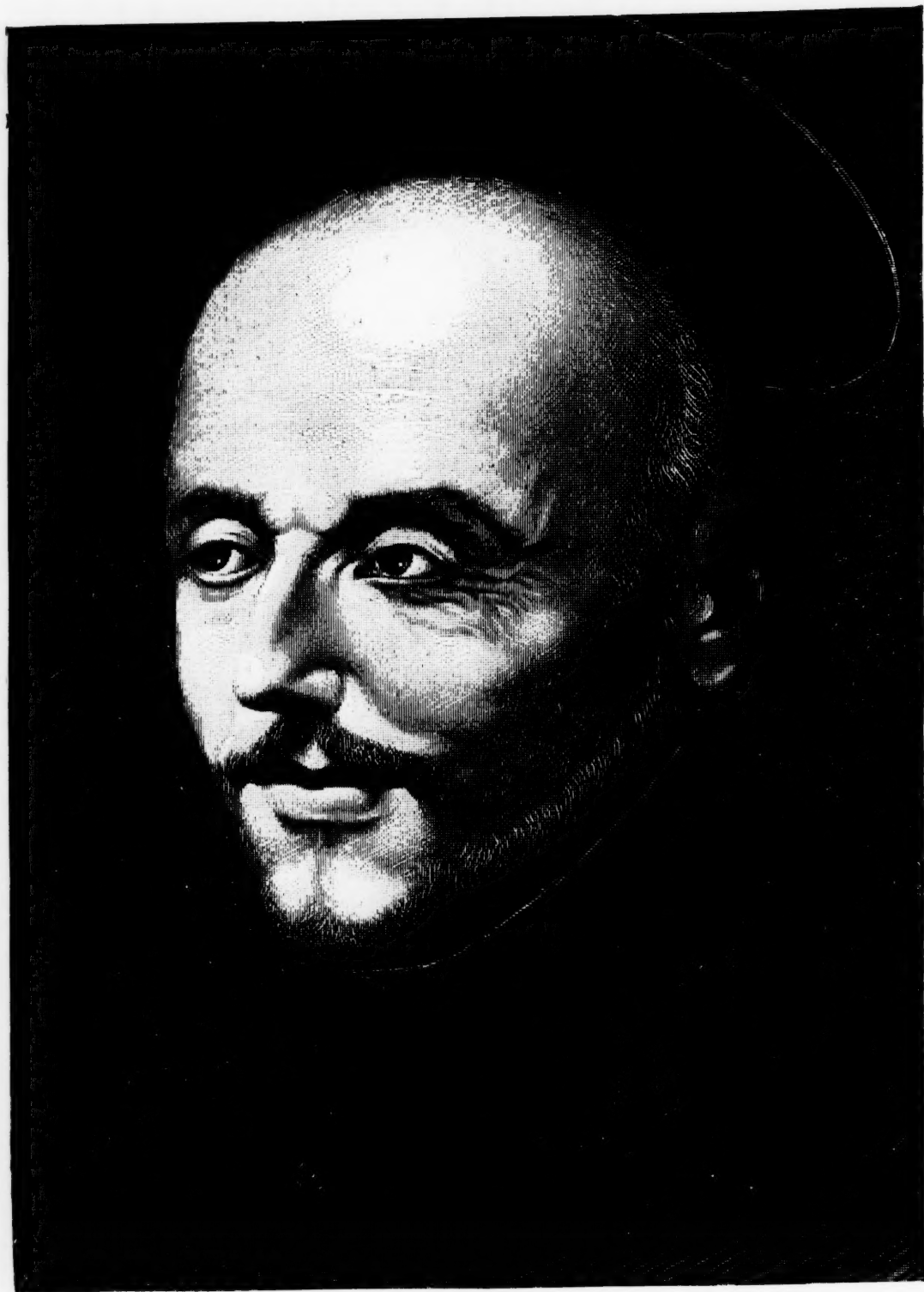
## **HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT**

These excellent FAMILY MEDICINES are invaluable in the treatment of all ailments incidental to every HOUSEHOLD. The PILLS PURIFY, REGULATE, and STRENGTHEN the whole system, while the OINTMENT is unequalled for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores, and Ulcers. Possessed of these REMEDIES, every Mother has at once the means of curing most complaints to which herself or family is liable.

*N.B.—Advice Gratis at 78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,  
Daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.*







ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA,  
*After the only authentic Portrait.*



# MERRY ENGLAND.

---

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

---

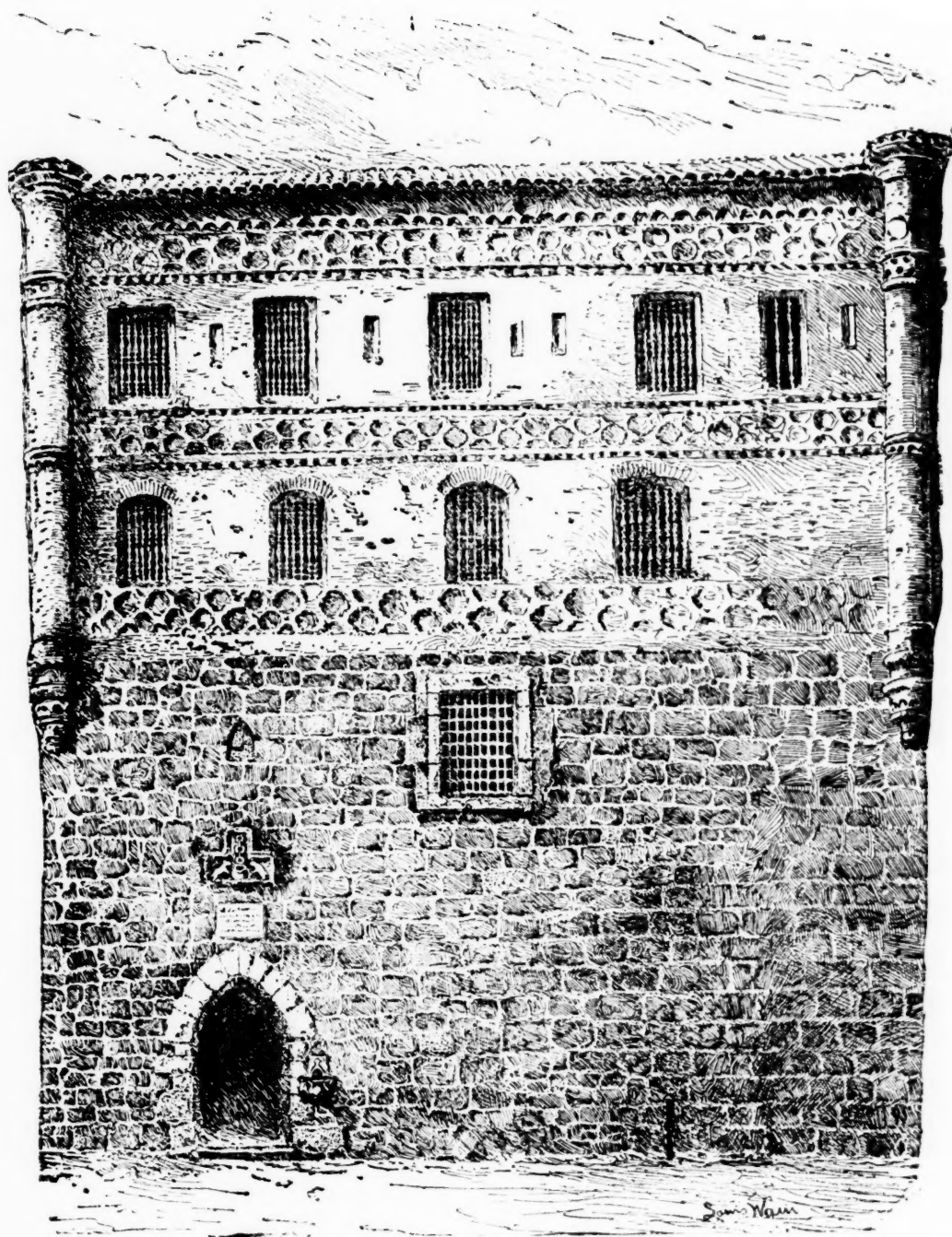
## *The Setting-out of the Society.*

**W**E have had much talk of centenaries these latter years —centenaries of Joan of Arc, Columbus, Luther, and many another. But there has just passed, with scant blowing of trumpets, the centenary of one who rolled back from the Church an invasion no less deadly than Joan rolled back from France ; one who was in spiritual science a discoverer hardly less memorable than Columbus among navigators ; one who was the most formidable of Luther's adversaries : as markedly the Saint of the Renaissance, the age of revolt, as was Francis or Dominic of the age of faith. Its chief memorial in England has been the handsome volume on the Saint, full of new matter, issued by Messrs. Burns and Oates, written by the lady signing herself Stewart Rose, splendidly illustrated by Mr. Brewer and his son and by Mr. Lewis Wain, and passed through the press by Father Eyre, S.J. It may not be inappropriate, with the aid of this new material, to attempt a short monograph on a life which the average Protestant perhaps knows chiefly from the famous "bit" in Macaulay's essay on the Papacy, and which to the Catholic will bear re-telling once and again.

In the year 1491 Columbus sailed for America, and Ignatius was born at the Castle of Loyola in Guipuscoa. The youngest of eight children, he received the name of Iñigo—the name Ignatius being subsequently adopted by him out of reverence for the martyred Bishop of Antioch. Brought up by his kinsman, the Duke of Najera, at the Court of Ferdinand the Catholic, he became an accomplished model of all one looks for in the typical knight of chivalry. It is the fashion to speak of him as having led a worldly life; but this must be understood in the language of the Saints. As a matter of fact, he seems to have led a blameless and noble life, devoted to the honourable pursuit of warlike distinction. He had his lady-love, as what young knight had not? But truth to tell, she seems to have been adopted rather as a necessary appendage to the character of a young noble, than through any profound affection. A great reader of the romances of chivalry, he showed the aspiring bent of his mind by taking for mistress an unknown lady above him in rank, who has been not improbably conjectured to have been the Princess Juana, daughter of the widowed Queen of Naples. She served, any way, to address in sonnets and canzonets, which was probably the chief use young Iñigo had for her; and that event which changed his career soon put an end to her not very serious sway over his mind.

Towards the beginning of the long rivalry between Charles the Fifth and Francis the First, the Emperor was in unjust possession of the kingdom of Navarre, to the exclusion of the rightful heir, Jean d'Albret. Francis espoused the cause of Jean; but not caring to take overt action, he behaved much as did the Czar in regard to Servia, at the opening of the Russo-Turkish War. He allowed French troops to be enlisted in the name of Jean, while he himself maintained an ostensible peace. At first the French found no troops to oppose them; and their leader, De l'Esparre, overran Castile to the walls of Pamplona. The town surrendered, but Ignatius, with a handful of men, threw





LA SANTA CASA, LOYOLA,  
*Birthplace of St. Ignatius in its actual condition.*

himself into the citadel, and maintained a desperate resistance until both his legs were broken by a cannon-shot. The events which followed are probably better known than anything in his history. Removed to his brother's residence in the Castle of Loyola, he was found to have had his right leg so badly set that it was necessary to break it again—an operation which he underwent without giving any sign of pain beyond the clinching of his hands. Even then a portion of the bone protruded below the right knee, and the only way to avoid a life-long deformity was to reopen the wound and saw off the protrusion. Rather than remain unable to wear the trunk-hose then in fashion, he actually went through this second excruciating operation, and submitted to have the limb forcibly lengthened by means of an iron machine. During the long illness which followed, he asked for his favourite books of chivalry. There were none such in the Castle ; and they brought him instead a "Life of Our Saviour," and a treatise on the "Lives of the Saints." Under the influence of this reading his mind underwent a gradual and profound change. As soon as he could leave his bed he began to engage every night in prayer. Slowly he came to the resolution to devote his life to emulating the deeds of the Saints. He determined to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and on his return devote himself to religion. His brother suspected his design, and endeavoured to dissuade him ; but under cover of paying a visit at Navarrette to the Duke of Najera, Ignatius obtained permission to leave the Castle before his wounded leg was yet healed. As far as Navarrette his brother accompanied him, but there he took leave of everyone, and began a solitary pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat.

It was veritably the beginning of life-long wanderings, and its opening was marked by an incident which at once shows how much of the soldier still lingered in him, and how far even a chivalrous noble of that age was from understanding the spirit of



the Christianity which he professed. On his way Ignatius overtook one of the many Moors who endured an enforced and insincere conformity to Christianity. He entered into a dispute with the man, who denied the virginity of Our Lady; and at



THE BASILICA, PAMPLONA,

*Built on the spot where St. Ignatius was wounded.*

length his manner grew so threatening that the Moor rode on. Thereupon Ignatius began to reflect whether he had not let this infidel dog escape too cheaply, and whether pure Christianity and devotion to Our Lady did not require him to ride after the fellow and poniard him there and then. He was at a spot where

two roads parted: along one—a broad road which symbolised, doubtless, the spiritual way which the misbeliever was travelling—the Moor had gone; the other, narrow and steep, was Ignatius's own way. Finally he resolved to leave the matter to the mule, and be guided by the result as the choice of Heaven. He dropped the reins on his mule's neck; and that animal, like Balaam's ass, showed itself wiser than its master. It took the narrow way, and left the broad one which would have led to the Moor's destruction. The narrow way was symbolical indeed; for it led Ignatius, first to Montserrat, and afterwards to Manresa.

At Montserrat he put himself in the hands of a saintly priest, who inhabited the Hermitage of St. Dismas, high on the topmost rocks above the Monastery. To this priest, Juan Chanones, he made a general confession, which lasted over three days, with the greatest compunction. Then he began his career of Saint in such characteristic fashion as never before was such career begun. He went for his ideas to *Amadis de Gaul*; and determined to inaugurate his sainthood as others their knighthood, by watching his arms in the chapel of Montserrat. He changed clothes with a poor and ragged pilgrim, put on over the pilgrim's tattered garb a sackcloth gown which he had bought on the road, and girt it about with a girdle of rope. His left foot was bare; his right, because of the wounded and inflamed leg, had a sandal of grass. Thus he entered the chapel, hung up his sword and dagger beside Our Lady's statue, and all that Eve of the Assumption, 1522, kept in prayer his "Vigil of the Armour." At dawn he communicated, and descended from Montserrat on his way to Manresa. At Manresa he lodged for the first four months in the Hospital of St. Lucy, whither he was recommended by a widow lady of the place, Ines Pascual, whom he had met on the road. He passed his time in prayer and attending to the sick in the hospital. But soon he felt the need for some place of greater retirement, and found what he

wanted in the famous cave of Manresa—a cavern nine feet long and four feet wide, at the foot of the rocks, about two hundred paces from Manresa.

This cave was really the cradle of the Jesuit Order, for therein were written the "Spiritual Exercises." There, in fact, alone with himself and God, he passed through the subtle stages of spiritual experience which gave rise to the "Exercises." The fineness of that experience, and the greatness of the powers which rewarded it, are things intelligible even to one who may be merely "a subtle-souled psychologist." *Mutatis mutandis*, in



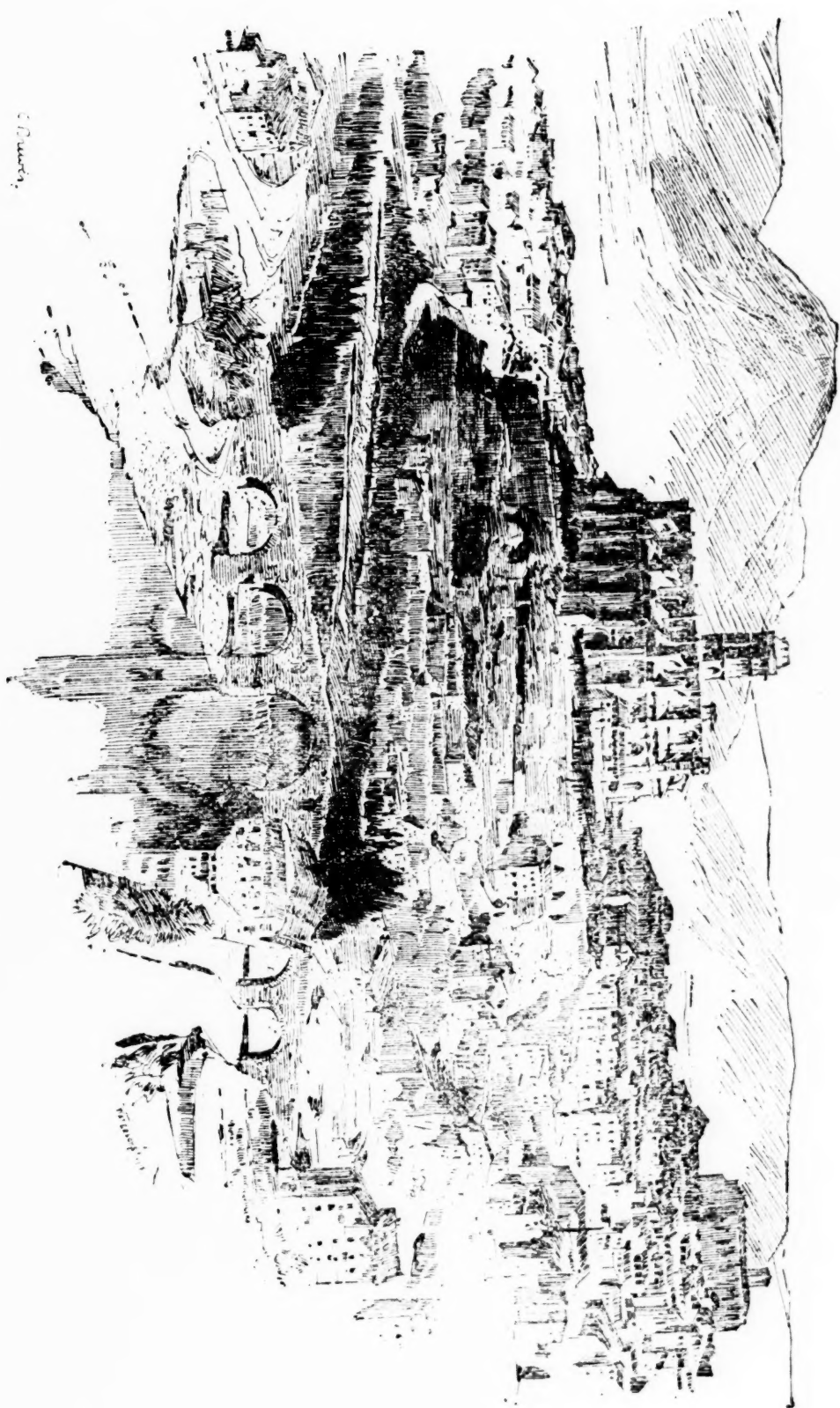
PAMPLONA.

reading the record of them, I am driven at times to rub my eyes, and wonder whether what I am reading is the process of spiritual evolution in a poet—so startlingly close and delicate is at times the analogy. It would be both curious and striking to give the parallel in detail; but this is, perhaps, hardly a place in which it can be done without disedification. He began, as usual with the Saints, in joy and peace. Then came the experience which à Kempis had gone through and recorded before him. "Without any transition or perceptible cause" he was beset by temptations to despair of his own perseverance; and

therewith came abrupt vicissitudes of joy and sadness, so complete that he said it was like putting off one garment and putting on another. "Astonished at his own experiences, he said to himself: 'What is this new phase of existence into which I have entered?'" In turn this was followed by the opposite temptation of presumption, which beset him for two years, only to give place to that deadliest phase of scrupulosity. He felt himself abandoned and repulsed by God; prayer and penance became comfortless, his communions were poisoned by the terror that he was communicating unworthily. Once he cried to Heaven: "Come Thou to my aid, O my God, for I find no help in man or in any creature. Show me whither I shall turn for a remedy in my woe: even if Thou gavest me a dog to be my guide to quiet my soul, I would follow it." Thereupon he was tempted to cast himself down through an opening in the floor of his cell. Terrified at the state in which he found himself, he adopted an heroic remedy. He remained absolutely without food or drink for a week, only ceasing his fast at the bidding of his confessor. Thenceforward the temptations disappeared. These trials had, very probably, been much complicated by the constant illnesses which he brought upon himself by his rash and merciless austerity. In later days he recognised the necessity of health to the spiritual life, and was very strict about allowing any of his disciples to practise injurious mortifications. As it was, he long suffered from a ruined digestion. This man, too, was among the dyspeptic great ones of the world.

It is not surprising that when he emerged from these sufferings of soul he found himself like a new man; with such great spiritual intuitions, such visions and ecstatic power as he had never before dreamed of. So it would have been with the natural man as regards things within the compass of the natural order; and grace works on the lines of nature. "The sublimest mysteries of faith," says his biographer, "were communicated to

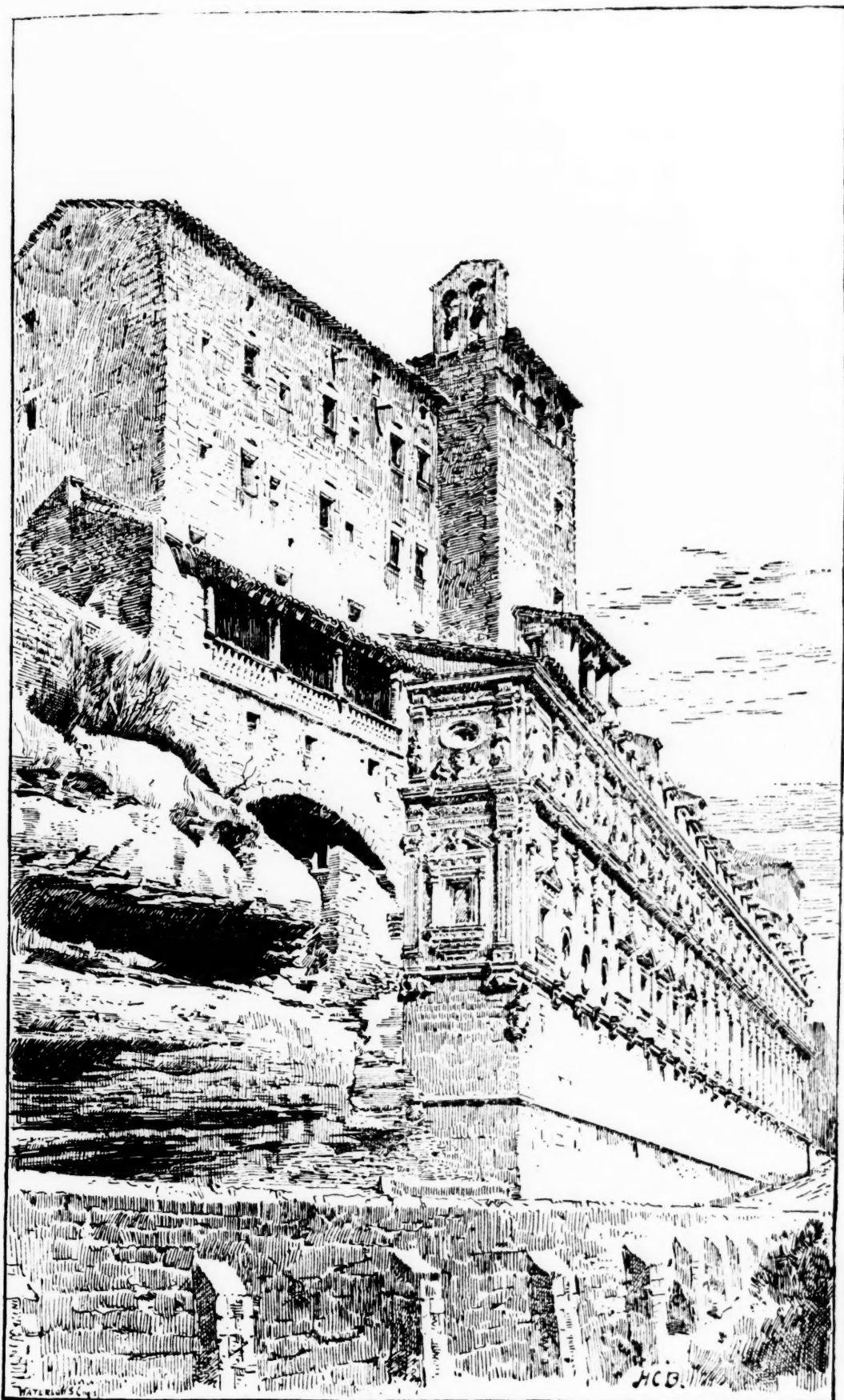




THE SEO, OR PRINCIPAL CHURCH :  
WITH GENERAL VIEW OF MANRESA.

him immediately from God, either by means of a pure spiritual radiance cast upon his soul, or under images of things presented to his mind. Frequently and for long together he was visited in the night by Divine consolations and interior lights, so penetrating and engrossing that sleep fled from his eyes." Now his spiritual preparation was finished, and he once more took up his project of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. In January, 1523, he quitted Manresa.

Travels long and tedious as those of St. Paul conducted him from Barcelona to Rome, Venice, and finally to Jerusalem. He had in his mind the idea of an Order which should have its headquarters at Jerusalem, and work among the infidels—an idea dear to him to the last. But at Jerusalem it was made clear to him that not there must his Order begin. The Franciscans established there refused to allow his stay with them, fearing the trouble which his indiscreet zeal might create for them among the Turks. He returned with the conviction that to carry out his projects it was necessary he should have a thorough education. Now, therefore, when he was past thirty, he undertook the heroic labour of setting himself to school, beginning with the very rudiments. He began at Barcelona, with a schoolmaster; and thereafter passed successively to the Universities of Alcalá, Salamanca, and Paris. His method was the same at each place. He lived on charity, as a poor scholar; and at the same time he did the work of an Apostle, catechising in the streets, and holding spiritual conferences at his lodgings. The persecution which this raised against him was the cause of his successive shiftings from University to University. At Alcalá three disciples joined him, and followed him faithfully to Salamanca. But when he was driven from Salamanca to Paris, their hearts or their patience failed them, and they fell away from him. In Paris he was forced to adopt a most precarious, but, as it proved, successful means of maintaining himself. At each summer vacation he went to Flanders, and there collected from the



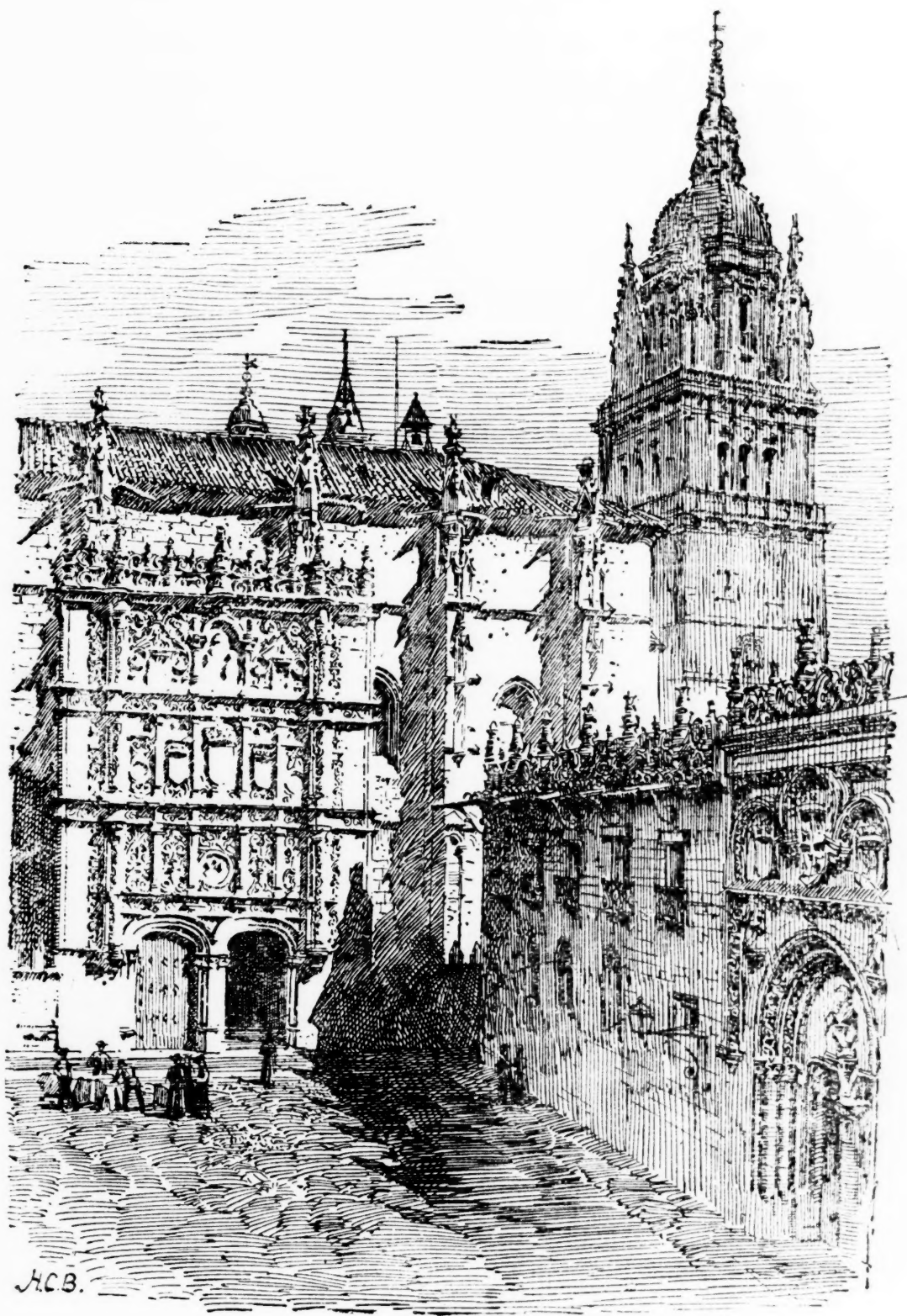
EXTERIOR OF THE "SACRA CUEVA," MANRESA.

Spanish merchants at Antwerp or Bruges enough money to satisfy his expenses during the year. In Spain he had made little progress in study, through attempting too many subjects at once. But in the French capital he began again from the beginning, avoiding this error, and soon made the progress which his indomitable resolution deserved.

Even here, however, his zeal for evangelisation among his fellow-students roused many of the professors against him, and brought on him accusations of teaching false doctrine. In a city where the "reformed" doctrines had spread so much as in Paris, this was a dangerous charge; but he succeeded not only in clearing himself, but in getting an official attestation of the soundness of his teaching. Numerous conversions attended his efforts, and in all of them the "Spiritual Exercises" played an important part. Said his disciple, St. Francis Xavier, subsequently of sinners: "I let them go in at their gate, but I take care they come out at mine." It was from Ignatius that he learned that secret, as innumerable anecdotes testify. Here is one such. Calling on a French doctor of theology, Ignatius found him playing billiards, and was invited to join in a game. The Saint knew not billiards; but after first refusing, he suddenly consented, with certain conditions as to the stakes. "I have nothing I can call my own," he said, "except my own person. If, then, I lose, I will be your servant for a month to obey your orders. If I win, you shall do just one thing for me, and it shall be something to your advantage." On these singular terms the game began; and it need hardly be said that Ignatius, with the unfair odds of his saintship, beat the poor doctor of divinity. His penalty was a month of the "Exercises," and conversion followed. Many a soul may have been lost at billiards, but never before, surely, was a soul won at them.

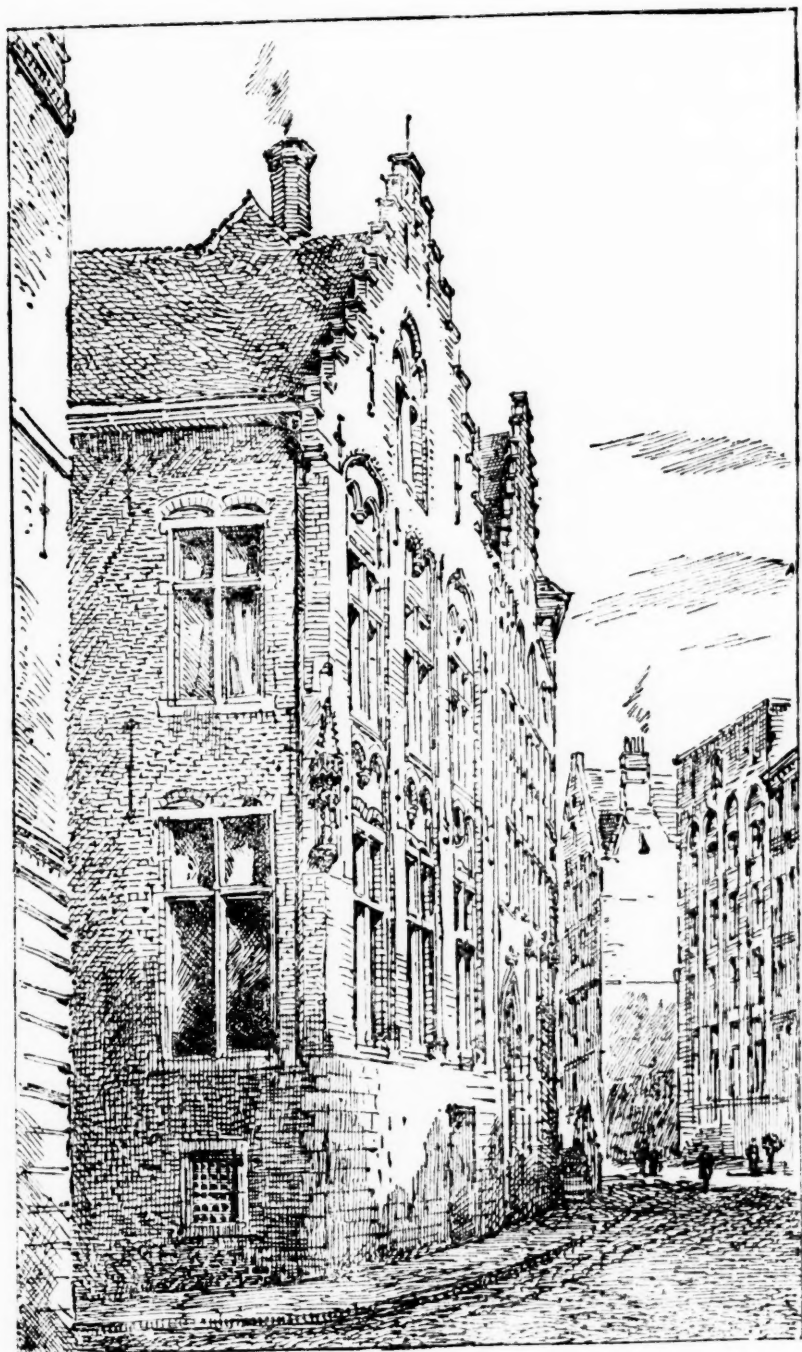
In the meanwhile he was gathering, at last, disciples after his own heart. In his first years at Paris three young Spaniards





THE UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA.

attached themselves to him, but they were forcibly reclaimed by their friends. But as he advanced in his studies, and extorted by degrees the favour of the many University authorities whom his novel mode of life and manner of influencing his companions had at first embittered against him, followers of more steadfast kind insensibly accrued. The illustrious band of the first Jesuits one by one were drawn within his influence. The first of them all to come was Blessed Peter Favre. When Ignatius began his studies in philosophy, he was entrusted by Peña, one of the professors at the College of Ste. Barbe, to Favre, then beginning his theological studies. Favre's duty was to explain privately to Ignatius the lessons given in the classes. The two students shared a room together, and thus became intimately acquainted. Under such circumstances the natural ascendancy of Ignatius's character did not fail to assert itself. Favre, though the son of peasants, had from his childhood been marked out for a religious career, and was a brilliant student. At this time he was harassed by temptations and scruples, so that he had thoughts of abandoning his vocation. The ex-recluse of Manresa was the very guide for such a one. He directed Favre through two years of spiritual conflict, then put him through four weeks of the "Spiritual Exercises," and Favre found himself ready for the priesthood. To this congenial companion Ignatius first disclosed his design. He was still possessed by the mistaken attraction towards the Holy Land. Thither he still intended to go, with a few faithful comrades, cast in the common mould of the "Spiritual Exercises." Favre eagerly offered himself, and was joyfully accepted—the first member of the Society of Jesus. To Favre succeeded a yet more illustrious name—no other than that of the Apostle of the Indies. Xavier at first was far from being in sympathy with Ignatius. Young and brilliant, he disdained what he thought the Saint's poor-spirited way of life. Ignatius won him by his usual method of becoming all things to all men. In 1531, the year after Ignatius's



HOUSE OF THE PINE CONE, BRUGES :  
*Where St. Ignatius stayed.*

conquest of Peter Favre, Xavier became public lecturer on Aristotle at the College de Beauvais, and won wide applause. Ignatius spoke of him admiringly, endeavoured to extend his reputation, and procured him scholars and listeners. Francis was mollified, and began to hearken to this politic evangeliser. As is well known, Ignatius at length conquered by impressing on him the Scripture maxim: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?" Unlike the others, Xavier's public position prevented him from going through the "Exercises"; but in his leisure time he sat at the feet of Ignatius.

By this time the Saint's former fellow-students at Alcalá had heard of him; and two of its students, Diego Lainez and Alfonso Salmeron, came to Paris expressly to put themselves under Ignatius. The circle soon spread to Nicholas Bobadilla and Simon Rodriguez, both Spaniards, like all the others except Xavier, who was a Navarrese. Rodriguez had the special attraction for Ignatius, that he was already imbued with a desire to work in Palestine. But these men, though all acquainted with the Saint, had not as yet been brought into companionship with each other; he dealt with each separately. At length, however, in 1534, when he had taken his degree of Master of Arts, he opened his designs to each individually, bidding him prepare by prayer and fasting for a final decision, and come to him (Ignatius) with the result on a certain day. On that day for the first time all met, and each learned who were to be his companions. Their decision was unanimous. They were to consecrate themselves to God by solemn vows of poverty, chastity, and serving Him in the Holy Land. The enterprise was to be deferred for three years, that they might complete their theological studies. If, when they reached Venice, they found no chance of departure for the East, they were to wait a year. If then the obstacle still continued, they were to repair to Rome, and put themselves at the disposal of the Pope.



It was resolved to pledge their solemn vows before the altar. On the Eve of the Assumption had Ignatius kept that memorable "Vigil of the Armour" in the Chapel of Montserrat; on the day of the Assumption, in the Chapel of St. Denis, half-way up Montmartre, he now inaugurated his work. The seven companions met together and descended into a lower chapel beneath the choir. There Peter Favre, the only one of them who was a priest, said Mass. He turned towards his comrades at the time of communion, holding the Host in his hand, and each pronounced his vows, thereafter receiving the Eucharist. They rested the remainder of the day by the fountain of St. Denis on the hill, and decided on their future practices. They were to observe daily prayers, examinations of conscience, frequent Communion, reading of the Scriptures and the "Imitation of Christ." Their studies were to continue, and on the same day in each of the two following years they were to reassemble in the chapel and renew their vows. The seven who thus bound themselves together were Ignatius, Francis Xavier, Peter Favre, Bobadilla, Lainez, Salmeron, and Simon Rodriguez. This, though not the naming, was the baptism of the Society of Jesus.

PHILIP HEMANS.

*A Led Flock.*

**W**HO keeps this flock of waves like sheep,  
Crested and curled and white as curds?  
I, saith the Lord, this great flock keep,  
Yea, it obeys My lightest words.

O Lord, but yesternight this flock  
So innocent-seeming in the sun,  
Roared like wild beasts, and on the rock  
Gored the drowned mariners every one.

But even then, the Lord replied,  
The flock was Mine, and from such wrath  
I gathered trembling to My side  
The victims withered in its path.

Oh, if their mothers could but see  
The estate of them the wild waves slew!  
Then would they say, beholding Me,  
The sea is His great Angel too.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

## *A Visit to the Irish College at Paris.*

**H**OW uninteresting Parisian houses are! How like rows and rows of uniform genteel barracks! There can be no individuality, we are inclined to say, no special family home life apart. The shock of the contrast is great when the door of a genial *appartement* opens on the dreary horror of the cold, rattling, public staircase; and life revives no less when you are safe inside some pleasant *cour* and find a welcome, and know again that happiness is the best tonic. Turn to the south-east, from the Panthéon, into a narrow street looking as deserted and unfriendly as an English railway bookstall on Sunday morning; and the prison at your left in this Rue des Irlandais is the present Irish College.\* The formidable door lets you into a cold porch open to the *cour*, which has pleasant trees, pleasant even in winter—and how untrue it is to say that winter trees are dead and colourless. Some of these chesnuts are described as already *de grands arbres* in the deed handing over the old hôtel which stood there 120 years ago, at the time the College was built; and round them and up and down are now walking, or rather charging, for exercise during recreation, some ninety young Irishmen, successors of so many who for three hundred years have gone from Paris, “illegally” or “legally,” to help in leaving to the modern English-speaking world the important factor of Irish Catholicism.

Once inside the College, how could we ever again be deceived by externals of houses, here or elsewhere? It is said the best

\* This is not the College visited by Edmund Burke. The visit he describes was made to the older College, still the property of the Irish foundations in France, but now let by them to one of the *Cercles d'ouvriers* founded by the Comte de Mun.

way to make a man better is to treat him as if he were better than he really is : certainly, all life seems great and filled with possibility for good to the guest who steps in and is met with so much dignity and piety, with such frankness and simplicity, with such readiness of true feeling, but with that courtesy which makes a man feel that he himself is conferring a benefit while he is receiving one, though without for a moment losing the sense of respect for the giver. With what an infinite relief a younger man meets older men, better and stronger in mind than himself, who yet are without donnishness, household pride, or worldly pomposity. And then, as has been said, "The supreme touch of refinement is given by piety alone." The words may sound a little affected, but one feels that they are true.

A mixed sensation of wonder, amusement, and interest it is to find oneself in a little Ireland in the middle of France : all Ireland is represented, for the students come as holders of exhibitions from the various dioceses. The Community lives much to itself, just as the busy individual does, though millions are living near him : the regular work of its routine is to prepare students for ordination by Irish Bishops (who come to Paris to ordain in the College Chapel every year), and for their duties as Irish priests. So the intercourse with French life is exceptional rather than customary.

And then France has changed so much ; French and Irish interests have been so different, that the bond between even Catholics in France and Irishmen is not so close as might be expected ; and it has lost political significance. But still, at the Irish College visitors are not unknown bearing the names of the companions in exile of Marshal MacMahon's, Admiral O'Neill's, Count Taaffe's, or General Cavaignac's ancestors, though some of these descendants are guiltless of speaking a word of the language of either combatant at Drogheda, Limerick, or the Boyne ; and yet they are strong in interest



and affection for Ireland. You may hear at a St. Patrick's Day celebration one such titled Frenchman, who has himself visited Ireland only once, at the time of the O'Connell Centennial, and whose ancestors have not been Irish for centuries, recite very charmingly his verse translations of some of the most popular of the Irish songs by Davis and others. This is a generous expression of a very real sentiment indeed, but hardly of actual common interests between French and Irish. Then has not Ireland changed too, not the least cause of the change that very sending into exile of her natural chiefs and leaders? Ireland has now adopted England's language—cause and effect of radical changes in a people—and what about this new democratic Ireland teaching and learning in company with the English? That is not the Ireland that can be understood without difficulty by French O'Connells, Dillons, and O'Neills, ready for the last century to draw their sword in every despairing fight for the monarchy, aristocracy, and monarchical-aristocratic Church—the Church as they have felt she must be. But will Cardinal Lavigerie now draw them also after him?

Still neither the College of the Irish, in Paris, nor the Irish anywhere can ever cease to be grateful to France. And as you go into the porch of this College, a medallion on one side has "France," on the other "Ireland"—both gold, on green ground; and farther on are medallions with the names of the four Irish Archiepiscopal Sees, Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, Tuam; then in a hall at the right is a picture of Erin turning to the Irish cross, and away from piles of gold offered as the price of apostasy. These are the emblems put up by a *French* Administrator (as a certain priestly Government official connected with the College was sometimes called): he was an enthusiast for the Island of Saints. During the Commune afterwards he devoted himself to protecting this Irish property confided to his charge. Opposite this hall, which he decorated, is *la Salle du Tombeau*: a hall or lecture room, in which for a long time there was the marble

monument to James II., put up, as the inscription declares, by his son, James III. This monument is now in the Scotch College, not far off on the north-eastern slope of St. Geneviève's Mount. And in the first-mentioned hall, in the afternoon, there is sometimes a busy scene ; traders in different sorts of student necessities bargaining for their wares with the foreigners. But that is after dinner at 2.30.

The refectory forms the ground floor of the left side of the *cour*. Three long tables run down the hall, each with about thirty cassocked and birettaed typical Irishmen of an average age of twenty-one or twenty-two—it seems like home for a fellow-countrymen to see them : is that the reason he likes their looks better than the looks of their brethren at St. Sulpice ? The President and professors—most of them Vincentian Fathers whose Order has charge of the College—and those who have the honour of being entertained by them, are at a high table across the hall. Before sitting down all turn to the crucifix at the end, above the door, and grace is said. Then during the meal, as in other Religious houses, there is reading from a pulpit first of Scripture, then generally of history—Alison was lately read—or sometimes of annals of missions, and at the close when all have finished, of martyrology, the last in Latin as the Scripture. Only on festivals, or in honour of the presence of distinguished personages, such as Bishops, is speaking allowed at meals. The Religious have said they like this quiet ; and it is not for the unpractised layman to complain. Bishops, indeed, did often, last autumn and winter, break the silence of the Irish College refectory ; for 1890 was the year the Irish Bishops were paying to Rome the visit due every five years. Whether Home Rulers, Conservatives, or neutrals, they touch on this spot, in the land of the stranger, the hands of men whose affection for one of the most loved of countries equals theirs. After dinner the College Community recite the *Miserere*, walking to the chapel ; they kneel for a moment or two in silence after the Superior has

said a very few prayers, and then separate for recreation. One lingers for a moment in the chapel, when hearing it is another reminder of the fearful civil strife of a century ago. The chapel was then a Jacobin club ; and actually during one of those fierce meetings of intolerance an ordination is said to have been held by some no less determined hearts in the room above—Bishops and priests those were, not unworthy to be associated with the memory of the Irish confessors and martyrs who a century further back crossed from Paris to meet proscription, suffering, insult, and death in their efforts to defy another system of intolerance by ministering illegally to their Catholic countrymen

Their more free, and shall we say more fortunate, successors have done with their bargaining, and are again getting exercise vigorously in the *cour*; and upstairs the older Irishmen and their guests meet in a common room with French shining panelling and parquet. One will tell of a recent visit to Rome, and of opinions held there concerning Irish questions ; and another, who passed through 1848 in the city of Pius IX., finds that many Italian Catholics cannot help being inclined to see in even the mild reformers of laws in Ireland, *carbonari* and pillagers of churches. These prejudices survive from a time when it was certainly not one of the least bitter sufferings of Irishmen, to feel that their claims were decided beforehand against them in the civilised world, that a stronger power kept off even those who would be naturally sympathetic listeners.

But meanwhile some of the Fathers tell of the virtues of noble English families whom they in their missions in England have known. Notwithstanding their patriotism and their affection for Ireland, it does not require much English sympathy (whether shown by those with whom they agree in politics or not) to soften the very slight Anti-Englishism of the present colony of the Irish exiles in Paris. They have been very ready to let bygones be bygones, and to forget that their College began as a refuge from Protestant English persecution,

and as a means of saving their Faith, for whose ministers education and training were impossible among their own people—they are ready to forget all but the sufferings of so many of those Paris students, the defenders of one of the most generous of causes. Is England nearing the time when she will not shrink from being united in honouring their memory? Perhaps the Irish College might reassure even the most suspicious if they turned after dusk into its old garden, and passed the early part of the mild winter evening walking there in a silence broken only rarely by word of the kind Irish Father who has lived more than half his life here, and knows that now his guest, too, is feeling the pathos of the traditions of this place, and the intense relief that, in common with all such retreats, it brings to the restless man from the outside world with his divided interests and wasted energies. But life here, too, has its prose, as each seminarist must think, bound to get up to-morrow at five a.m., and now preparing to-morrow's class work in each of those studies with lighted windows, which together look on us from above and around: giving only the sense that there is warm comfort and friendship near; that though left to ourselves alone and in quietness, we can feel at home; that though enjoying profoundly the peace of our surroundings, we are not, as we should say in the real home across the sea, left quite lonesome.

With a renewed invitation of courteous and touching kindness the stranger is again really an exile—for a moment, in the old narrow streets where princes and churchmen, devotees and populace, came frequenting the churches, convents, and shrines of St. Geneviève's Mount: and then out where all is changed; the open square of the Panthéon, the secularised basilica itself, type of the new, unself-restrained, troublous age, which yet again and again stops, turns back unsatisfied, and listens, longing to catch the sound of some of the peaceful voices from the past.

W. F. STOCKLEY.



## *Ethan Brand:*

### A CHAPTER FROM AN ABORTIVE ROMANCE.

**B**ARTRAM, the lime-burner, a rough, heavy-looking man, begrimed with charcoal, sat watching his kiln at night-fall, while his little son played at building houses with the scattered fragments of marble, when, on the hill-side below them, they heard a roar of laughter, not mirthful, but slow, and even solemn, like a wind shaking the boughs of the forest.

"Father, what is that?" asked the little boy, leaving his play, and pressing betwixt his father's knees.

"O, some drunken man, I suppose," answered the lime-burner; "some merry fellow from the bar-room in the village, who dared not laugh loud enough within doors, lest he should blow the roof of the house off. So here he is, shaking his jolly sides at the foot of Graylock."

"But, father," said the child, more sensitive than the obtuse, middle-aged clown, "he does not laugh like a man that is glad. So the noise frightens me!"

"Don't be a fool, child!" cried his father, gruffly. "You will never make a man, I do believe; there is too much of your mother in you. I have known the rustling of a leaf startle you. Hark! Here comes the merry fellow, now. You shall see that there is no harm in him."

Bartram and his little son, while they were talking thus, sat watching the same lime-kiln that had been the scene of Ethan Brand's solitary and meditative life, before he began his search for the Unpardonable Sin. Many years, it is true, had

now elapsed, since that portentous night, when the Idea was first developed. The kiln, however, on the mountain-side, stood unimpaired, and was in nothing changed since he had thrown his dark thoughts into the intense glow of its furnace, and melted them, as it were, into the one thought that took possession of his life. It was a rude, round, tower-like structure, about twenty feet high, heavily built of rough stones, and with a hillock of earth heaped about the larger part of its circumference ; so that the blocks and fragments of marble might be drawn by cart-loads, and thrown in at the top. There was an opening at the bottom of the tower like an oven-mouth, but large enough to admit a man in a stooping posture, and provided with a massive iron door. With the smoke and jets of flame issuing from the chinks and crevices of this door, which seemed to give admittance into the hill-side, it resembled nothing so much as the private entrance to the infernal regions, which the shepherds of the Delectable Mountains were accustomed to show to pilgrims.

There are many such lime-kilns in that tract of country, for the purpose of burning the white marble which composes a large part of the substance of the hills. Some of them, built years ago, and long deserted, with weeds growing in the vacant round of the interior, which is open to the sky, and grass and wild flowers rooting themselves into the chinks of the stones, look already like relics of antiquity, and may yet be overspread with the lichens of centuries to come. Others, where the lime-burner still feeds his daily and night-long fire, afford points of interest to the wanderer among the hills, who seats himself on a log of wood or a fragment of marble, to hold a chat with the solitary man. It is a lonesome, and, when the character is inclined to thought, may be an intensely thoughtful occupation ; as it proved in the case of Ethan Brand, who had mused to such strange purpose in days gone by, while the fire in this very kiln was burning.

The man who now watched the fire was of a different order, and troubled himself with no thoughts save the very few that

were requisite to his business. At frequent intervals, he flung back the clashing weight of the iron door, and, turning his face from the insufferable glare, thrust in huge logs of oak, or stirred the immense brands with a long pole. Within the furnace were seen the curling and riotous flames, and the burning marble, almost molten with the intensity of heat; while without, the reflection of the fire quivered on the dark intricacy of the surrounding forest, and showed in the foreground a bright and ruddy little picture of the hut, the spring beside its door, the athletic and coal-begrimed figure of the lime-burner, and the half-frightened child, shrinking into the protection of his father's shadow. And when again the iron door was closed, then reappeared the tender light of the half-full moon, which vainly strove to trace out the indistinct shapes of the neighbouring mountains; and, in the upper sky, there was a flitting congregation of clouds, still faintly tinged with the rosy sunset, though thus far down into the valley the sunshine had vanished long and long ago.

The little boy now crept still closer to his father, as footsteps were heard ascending the hill-side, and a human form thrust aside the bushes that clustered beneath the trees.

"Halloo! who is it?" cried the lime-burner, vexed at his son's timidity, yet half infected by it. "Come forward, and show yourself, like a man, or I'll fling this chunk of marble at your head!"

"You offer me a rough welcome," said a gloomy voice, as the unknown man drew nigh. "Yet I neither claim nor desire a kinder one even at my own fireside."

To obtain a distincter view, Bartram threw open the iron door of the kiln, whence immediately issued a gush of fierce light, that smote full upon the stranger's face and figure. To a careless eye there appeared nothing very remarkable in his aspect, which was that of a man in a coarse, brown, country-made suit of clothes, tall and thin, with the staff and heavy

shoes of a wayfarer. As he advanced, he fixed his eyes—which were very bright—intently upon the brightness of the furnace, as if he beheld, or expected to behold, some object worthy of note within it.

“Good-evening, stranger,” said the lime-burner; “whence come you, so late in the day?”

“I come from my search,” answered the wayfarer; “for, at last, it is finished.”

“Drunk!—or crazy!” muttered Bartram to himself. “I shall have trouble with the fellow. The sooner I drive him away, the better.”

The little boy, all in a tremble, whispered to his father, and begged him to shut the door of the kiln, so that there might not be so much light; for that there was something in the man’s face which he was afraid to look at, yet could not look away from. And, indeed, even the lime-burner’s dull and torpid sense began to be impressed by an indescribable something in that thin, rugged, thoughtful visage, with the grizzled hair hanging wildly about it, and those deeply-sunken eyes, which gleamed like fires within the entrance of a mysterious cavern. But, as he closed the door the stranger turned towards him, and spoke in a quiet, familiar way, that made Bartram feel as if he were a sane and sensible man, after all.

“Your task draws to an end, I see,” said he. “This marble has already been burning three days. A few hours more will convert the stone to lime.”

“Why, who are you?” exclaimed the lime-burner. “You seem as well acquainted with my business as I am myself.”

“And well I may be,” said the stranger; “for I followed the same craft many a long year, and here, too, on this very spot. But you are a new comer in these parts. Did you never hear of Ethan Brand?”

“The man that went in search of the Unpardonable Sin?” asked Bartram, with a laugh.



"The same," answered the stranger. "He has found what he sought, and therefore he comes back again."

"What! then you are Ethan Brand himself?" cried the lime-burner, in amazement. "I am a new comer here, as you say, and they call it eighteen years since you left the foot of Graylock. But, I can tell you, the good folks still talk about Ethan Brand in the village yonder, and what a strange errand took him away from his lime-kiln. Well, and so you have found the Unpardonable Sin?"

"Even so!" said the stranger, calmly.

"If the question is a fair one," proceeded Bartram, "where might it be?"

Ethan Brand laid his finger on his own heart.

"Here!" replied he.

And then, without mirth in his countenance, but as if moved by an involuntary recognition of the infinite absurdity of seeking throughout the world for what was the closest of all things to himself, and looking into every heart, save his own, for what is hidden in no other breast, he broke into a laugh of scorn. It was the same slow, heavy laugh, that had almost appalled the lime-burner when it heralded the wayfarer's approach.

The solitary mountain-side was made dismal by it. Laughter when out of place, mistimed, or bursting forth from a disordered state of feeling, may be the most terrible modulation of the human voice. The laughter of one asleep, even if it be a little child,—the madman's laugh,—the wild, screaming laugh of a born idiot,—are sounds that we sometimes tremble to hear, and would always willingly forget. Poets have imagined no utterance of fiends or hobgoblins so fearfully appropriate as a laugh. And even the obtuse lime-burner felt his nerves shaken, as this strange man looked inward at his own heart, and burst into laughter that rolled away into the night, and was indistinctly reverberated among the hills.

"Joe," said he to his little son, "scamper down to the tavern

in the village, and tell the jolly fellows there that Ethan Brand has come back, and that he has found the Unpardonable Sin!"

The boy darted away on his errand, to which Ethan Brand made no objection, nor seemed hardly to notice it. He sat on a log of wood looking steadfastly at the iron door of the kiln. When the child was out of sight, and his swift and light footsteps ceased to be heard treading first on the fallen leaves and then on the rocky mountain-path, the lime-burner began to regret his departure. He felt that the little fellow's presence had been a barrier between his guest and himself, and that he must now deal, heart to heart, with a man who, on his own confession, had committed the only one crime for which Heaven could afford no mercy. That crime, in its indistinct blackness, seemed to overshadow him. The lime-burner's own sins rose up within him, and made his memory riotous with a throng of evil shapes that asserted their kindred with the Master Sin, wherever it might be, which it was within the scope of man's corrupted nature to conceive and cherish. They were all of one family; they went to and fro between his breast and Ethan Brand's, and carried dark greetings from one to the other.

Then Bartram remembered the stories which had grown traditional in reference to this strange man, who had come upon him like a shadow of the night, and was making himself at home in his old place, after so long absence that the dead people, dead and buried for years, would have had more right to be at home in any familiar spot than he. Ethan Brand, it was said, had conversed with Satan himself in the lurid blaze of this very kiln. The legend had been matter of mirth heretofore, but looked grisly now. According to this tale, before Ethan Brand departed on his search, he had been accustomed to evoke a fiend from the hot furnace of the lime-kiln, night after night, in order to confer with him about the Unpardonable Sin; the man and the fiend each labouring to frame the image of some mode of guilt which could neither be atoned for nor forgiven. And with

the first gleam of light upon the mountain-top, the fiend crept in at the iron door, there to abide the intensest element of fire, until again summoned forth to share in the dreadful task of extending man's possible guilt beyond the scope of Heaven's else infinite mercy.

While the lime-burner was struggling with the horror of these thoughts, Ethan Brand rose from the log, and flung open the door of the kiln. The action was in such accordance with the idea in Bartram's mind, that he almost expected to see the Evil One issue forth red-hot from the raging furnace.

"Hold! hold!" cried he, with a tremulous attempt to laugh; for he was ashamed of his fears, although they overmastered him. "Don't for mercy sake, bring out your devil now!"

"Man!" sternly replied Ethan Brand, "what need have I of the devil? I have left him behind me on my track. It is with such half-way sinners as you that he busies himself. Fear not, because I open the door. I do but act by old custom, and am going to trim your fire, like a lime-burner, as I was once."

He stirred the vast coals, thrust in more wood, and bent forward to gaze into the hollow prison-house of the fire, regardless of the fierce glow that reddened upon his face. The lime-burner sat watching him, and half suspected his strange guest of a purpose, if not to evoke a fiend, at least to plunge bodily into the flames, and thus vanish from the sight of man. Ethan Brand, however, drew quickly back, and closed the door of the kiln.

"I have looked," said he, "into many a human heart that was seven times hotter with sinful passions than yonder furnace is with fire. But I found not there what I sought. No, not the Unpardonable Sin!"

"What is the Unpardonable Sin?" asked the lime-burner; and then he shrank further from his companion, trembling lest his question should be answered.

"It is a sin that grew within my own breast," replied Ethan

Brand, standing erect, with a pride that distinguishes all enthusiasts of his stamp. "A sin that grew nowhere else! The sin of an intellect that triumphed over the sense of brotherhood with man and reverence for God, and sacrificed everything to its own mighty claims! The only sin that deserves a recompense of immortal agony! Freely, were it to do again, would I incur the guilt. Unshrinkingly I accept the retribution!"

"The man's head is turned," muttered the lime-burner to himself. "He may be a sinner, like the rest of us—nothing more likely—but, I'll be sworn, he is a madman too."

Nevertheless he felt uncomfortable at his situation, alone with Ethan Brand on the wild mountain side, and was right glad to hear the rough murmur of tongues, and the footsteps of what seemed a pretty numerous party, stumbling over the stones and rustling through the underbrush. Soon appeared the whole lazy regiment that was wont to infest the village tavern, comprehending three or four individuals who had drunk flip beside the bar-room fire through all the winters, and smoked their pipes beneath the stoop through all the summers, since Ethan Brand's departure. Laughing boisterously, and mingling all their voices together in uncereemonious talk, they now burst into the moonshine and narrow streaks of firelight that illuminated the open space before the lime kiln. Bartram set the door ajar again, flooding the spot with light, that the whole company might get a fair view of Ethan Brand, and he of them.

There, among other old acquaintances, was a once ubiquitous man, now almost extinct, but whom we were formerly sure to encounter at the hotel of every thriving village throughout the country. It was the stage agent. The present specimen of the genus was a wilted and smokedried man, wrinkled and rednosed, in a smartly-cut, brown, bobtailed coat, with brass buttons, who, for a length of time unknown, had kept his desk and corner in the bar-room, and was still puffing what seemed to be the same cigar that he had lighted twenty years before. He had great



fame as a dry joker, though, perhaps, less on account of any intrinsic humour than from a certain flavour of brandy-toddy and tobacco smoke, which impregnated all his ideas and expressions, as well as his person. Another well-remembered though strangely altered face was that of Lawyer Giles, as people still called him in courtesy ; an elderly ragamuffin, in his soiled shirt-sleeves and tow cloth trousers. This poor fellow had been an attorney, in what he called his better days, a sharp practitioner, and in great vogue among the village litigants ; but flip, and sling, and toddy, and cocktails, imbibed at all hours, morning, noon, and night, had caused him to slide from intellectual to various kinds and degrees of bodily labour, till at last, to adopt his own phrase, he slid into a soap vat. In other words, Giles was now a soap-boiler, in a small way. He had come to be but the fragment of a human being, a part of one foot having been chopped off by an axe, and an entire hand torn away by the devilish grip of a steam-engine. Yet, though the corporeal hand was gone, a spiritual member remained ; for stretching forth the stump, Giles steadfastly averred that he felt an invisible thumb and fingers with as vivid a sensation as before the real ones were amputated. A maimed and miserable wretch he was ; but one, nevertheless, whom the world could not trample on, and had no right to scorn, either in this or any previous stage of his misfortunes, since he had still kept up the courage and spirit of a man, asked nothing in charity, and with his one hand—and that the left one—fought a stern battle against want and hostile circumstances.

Among the throng, too, came another personage, who, with certain points of similarity to Lawyer Giles, had many more of difference. It was the village doctor ; a man of some fifty years. He was now a purple-visaged, rude, and brutal, yet half-gentlemanly figure, with something wild, ruined, and desperate in his talk, and in all the details of his gesture and manners. Brandy possessed this man like an evil spirit, and

made him as surly and savage as a wild beast, and as miserable as a lost soul ; but there was supposed to be in him such wonderful skill, such native gifts of healing, beyond any which medical science could impart, that society caught hold of him, and would not let him sink out of its reach. So, swaying to and fro upon his horse, and grumbling thick accents at the bedside, he visited all the sick chambers for miles about among the mountain towns, and sometimes raised a dying man, as it were, by miracle, or quite as often, no doubt, sent his patient to a grave that was dug many a year too soon. The doctor had an everlasting pipe in his mouth, and, as somebody said, in allusion to his habit of swearing, it was always alight with hell-fire.

These three worthies pressed forward, and greeted Ethan Brand each after his own fashion, earnestly inviting him to partake of the contents of a certain black bottle, in which, as they averred, he would find something far better worth seeking for than the Unpardonable Sin. No mind, which has wrought itself by intense and solitary meditation into a high state of enthusiasm, can endure the kind of contact with low and vulgar modes of thought and feeling to which Ethan Brand was now subjected. It made him doubt—and, strange to say, it was a painful doubt—whether he had indeed found the Unpardonable Sin, and found it within himself. The whole question on which he had exhausted life, and more than life, looked like a delusion.

“Leave me,” he said, bitterly, “ye brute beasts, that have made yourselves so, shrivelling up your souls with fiery liquors ! I have done with you. Years and years ago, I groped into your hearts, and found nothing there for my purpose. Get ye gone !”

“Why, you uncivil scoundrel,” cried the fierce doctor, “is that the way you respond to the kindness of your best friends ? Then let me tell you the truth. You have no more found the Unpardonable Sin than yonder boy Joe has. You are but a crazy fellow—I told you so twenty years ago—neither better

nor worse than a crazy fellow, and the fit companion of old Humphrey, here!"

He pointed to an old man, shabbily dressed, with long white hair, thin visage, and unsteady eyes. For some years past this aged person had been wandering about among the hills, inquiring of all travellers whom he met for his daughter. The girl, it seemed, had gone off with a company of circus-performers; and occasionally tidings of her came to the village, and fine stories were told of her glittering appearance as she rode on horseback in the ring, or performed marvellous feats on the tight-rope.

The white-haired father now approached Ethan Brand, and gazed unsteadily into his face.

"They tell me you have been all over the earth," said he, wringing his hands with earnestness. "You must have seen my daughter, for she makes a grand figure in the world, and everybody goes to see her. Did she send any word to her old father, or say when she was coming back?"

Ethan Brand's eyes quailed beneath the old man's. That daughter, from whom he so earnestly desired a word of greeting, was the very girl whom, with such cold and remorseless purpose, Ethan Brand had made the subject of a psychological experiment, and wasted, absorbed, and, perhaps, annihilated her soul, in the process.

"Yes," murmured he, turning away from the hoary wanderer; "it is no delusion. There is an unpardonable sin!"

While these things were passing, a merry scene was going forward in the area of cheerful light, beside the spring and before the door of the hut. A number of the youth of the village, young men and girls, had hurried up the hill-side, impelled by curiosity to see Ethan Brand, the hero of so many a legend familiar to their childhood. Finding nothing, however, very remarkable in his aspect—nothing but a sunburnt wayfarer, in plain garb and dusty shoes, who sat looking into the fire, as if he

fancied pictures among the coals—these young people speedily grew tired of observing him. As it happened, there was other amusement at hand. An old German Jew, travelling with a diorama on his back, was passing down the mountain-road towards the village just as the party turned aside from it, and, in hopes of eking out the profits of the day, the showman had kept them company to the lime kiln.

"Come, old Dutchman," cried one of the young men, "let us see your pictures, if you can swear they are worth looking at!"

"O, yes, Captain," answered the Jew—whether as a matter of courtesy or craft, he styled everybody Captain—"I shall show you, indeed, some very superb pictures!"

So, placing his box in a proper position, he invited the young men and girls to look through the glass orifices of the machine, and proceeded to exhibit a series of the most outrageous scratchings and daubings, as specimens of the fine arts, that ever an itinerant showman had the face to impose upon his circle of spectators. The pictures were worn out, moreover, tattered, full of cracks and wrinkles, dingy with tobacco smoke, and otherwise in a most pitiable condition. Some purported to be cities, public edifices, and ruined castles in Europe; others represented Napoleon's battles and Nelson's sea-fights; and in the midst of these would be seen a gigantic, brown, hairy hand—which might have been mistaken for the Hand of Destiny, though, in truth, it was only the showman's—pointing its forefinger to various scenes of the conflict, while its owner gave historical illustrations. When, with much merriment at its abominable deficiency of merit, the exhibition was concluded, the German bade little Joe put his head into the box. Viewed through the magnifying glasses, the boy's round, rosy visage assumed the strangest imaginable aspect of an immense Titanic child, the mouth grinning broadly, and the eyes and every other feature overflowing with fun at the joke. Suddenly, however, that merry face turned pale, and its expression changed to horror, for this easily im-



pressed and excitable child had become sensible that the eye of Ethan Brand was fixed upon him through the glass.

"You make the little man to be afraid, Captain," said the German Jew, turning up the dark and strong outline of his visage, from his stooping posture. "But look again, and, by chance, I shall cause you to see somewhat that is very fine, upon my word!"

Ethan Brand gazed into the box for an instant, and then starting back, looked fixedly at the German. What had he seen? Nothing, apparently; for a curious youth who had peeped in almost at the same moment, beheld only a vacant space of canvas.

"I remember you now," muttered Ethan Brand to the showman.

"Ah, Captain," whispered the Jew with a dark smile, "I find it to be a heavy matter in my show-box—this Unpardonable Sin! By my faith, Captain, it has wearied my shoulders this long day, to carry it over the mountain."

"Peace," answered Ethan Brand, sternly, "or get thee into the furnace yonder!"

The Jew's exhibition had scarcely concluded, when a great, elderly dog—who seemed to be his own master, as no person in the company laid claim to him—saw fit to render himself the object of public notice. Hitherto, he had shown himself a very quiet, well-disposed old dog, going round from one to another, and, by way of being sociable, offering his rough head to be patted by any kindly hand that would take so much trouble. But now, all of a sudden, this grave and venerable quadruped, of his own mere motion, and without the slightest suggestion from anybody else, began to run round after his tail, which, to heighten the absurdity of the proceeding, was a great deal shorter than it should have been. Never was seen such headlong eagerness in pursuit of a object that could not possibly be attained; never was heard such a tremendous outbreak of growling, snarling, barking,

and snapping, as if one end of the ridiculous brute's body were at deadly and most unforgiveable enmity with the other. Faster and faster, round about went the cur; and faster and still faster fled the unapproachable brevity of his tail; and louder and fiercer grew his yells of rage and animosity; until, utterly exhausted, and as far from the goal as ever, the foolish old dog ceased his performance as suddenly as he had begun it. The next moment he was as mild, quiet, sensible, and respectable in his deportment, as when he first scraped acquaintance with the company.

As may be supposed, the exhibition was greeted with universal laughter, clapping of hands, and shouts of encore, to which the canine performer responded by wagging all that there was to wag of his tail, but appeared totally unable to repeat his very successful effort to amuse the spectators. Meanwhile, Ethan Brand had resumed his seat upon the log, and moved, it might be, by a perception of some remote analogy between his own case and that of this self-pursuing cur, he broke into the awful laugh, which, more than any other token, expressed the condition of his inward being. From that moment, the merriment of the party was at an end; they stood aghast, dreading lest the inauspicious sound should be reverberated around the horizon, and that mountain would thunder it to mountain, and so the horror be prolonged upon their ears. Then, whispering to one another that it was late, that the moon was almost down, that the August night was growing chill, they hurried homewards, leaving the lime-burner and little Joe to deal as they might with their unwelcome guest. Save for these three human beings, the open space on the hill-side was a solitude, set in a vast gloom of forest. Beyond that darksome verge, the fire-light glimmered on the stately trunks and almost black foliage of pines, intermixed with the lighter verdure of sapling oaks, maples, and poplars, while here and there lay the gigantic corpses of dead trees, decaying on the leaf-strewn soil. And it seemed to little

Joe—a timorous and imaginative child—that the silent forest was holding its breath, until some fearful thing should happen.

Ethan Brand thrust more wood into the fire, and closed the door of the kiln; then looking over his shoulder at the lime-burner and his son, he bade, rather than advised, them to rest.

“For myself, I cannot sleep,” said he. “I have matters that it concerns me to meditate upon. I will watch the fire, as I used to do in the old time.”

“And call the devil out of the furnace to keep you company I suppose,” muttered Bartram, who had been making intimate acquaintance with the black bottle above-mentioned. “But watch, if you like, and call as many devils as you like! For my part, I shall be all the better for a snooze. Come, Joe!”

As the boy followed his father into the hut, he looked back at the wayfarer, and the tears came into his eyes, for his tender spirit had an intuition of the bleak and terrible loneliness in which this man had enveloped himself.

When they had gone, Ethan Brand sat listening to the crackling of the kindled wood, and looking at the little spurts of fire that issued through the chinks of the door. These trifles, however, once so familiar, had but the slightest hold of his attention, while deep within his mind he was reviewing the gradual, but marvellous, change that had been wrought upon him by the search to which he had devoted himself. He remembered how the night dew had fallen upon him—how the dark forest had whispered to him—how the stars had gleamed upon him—a simple and loving man, watching his fire in the years gone by, and ever musing as it burned. He remembered with what tenderness, with what love and sympathy for mankind, and what pity for human guilt and woe, he had first begun to contemplate those ideas which afterwards became the inspiration of his life; with what reverence he had then looked into the heart of man, viewing it as a temple originally divine, and, however desecrated, still to be held sacred by a brother;

with what awful fear he had deprecated the success of his pursuit, and prayed that the Unpardonable Sin might never be revealed to him. Then ensued that vast intellectual development, which, in its progress, disturbed the counterpoise between his mind and heart. The idea that possessed his life had operated as a means of education ; it had gone on cultivating his powers to the highest point of which they were susceptible ; it had raised him from the level of an unlettered labourer to stand on a star-lit eminence, whither the philosophers of the earth, laden with the lore of universities, might vainly strive to clamber after him. So much for the intellect ! But where was the heart ? That, indeed, had withered—had contracted—had hardened—had perished ! It had ceased to partake of the universal throb. He had lost his hold of the magnetic chain of humanity. He was no longer a brother-man, opening the chambers or the dungeons of our common nature by the key of holy sympathy, which gave him a right to share in all its secrets ; he was now a cold observer, looking on mankind as the subject of his experiment, and, at length, converting man and woman to be his puppets, and pulling the wires that moved them to such degrees of crime as were demanded for his study.

Thus Ethan Brand became a fiend. He began to be so from the moment that his moral nature had ceased to keep the pace of improvement with his intellect. And now, as his highest effort and inevitable development—as the bright and gorgeous flower, and rich, delicious fruit of his life's labour—he had produced the Unpardonable Sin !

“What more have I to seek ? What more to achieve ?” said Ethan Brand to himself. “My task is done, and well done !”

Starting from the log with a certain alacrity in his gait, and ascending the hillock of earth that was raised against the stone circumference of the lime kiln, he thus reached the top of the structure. It was a space of perhaps ten feet across, from edge



to edge, presenting a view of the upper surface of the immense mass of broken marble with which the kiln was heaped. All these innumerable blocks and fragments of marble were red hot and vividly on fire, sending up great spouts of blue flame, which quivered aloft and danced madly, as within a magic circle, and sank and rose again, with continual and multitudinous activity. As the lonely man bent forward over this terrible body of fire, the blasting heat smote up against his person with a breath that, it might be supposed, would have scorched and shrivelled him up in a moment.

Ethan Brand stood erect, and raised his arms on high. The blue flames played upon his face, and imparted the wild and ghastly light which alone could have suited its expression; it was that of a fiend on the verge of plunging into his gulf of intensest torment.

"O Mother Earth," cried he, "who art no more my mother, and into whose bosom this frame shall never be resolved! O mankind, whose brotherhood I have cast off, and trampled thy great heart beneath my feet! O stars of Heaven, that shone on me of old, as if to light me onward and upward!—farewell all, and for ever! Come, deadly element of Fire—henceforth my familiar friend! Embrace me, as I do thee!"

That night the sound of a fearful peal of laughter rolled heavily through the sleep of the lime-burner and his little son; dim shapes of horror and anguish haunted their dreams, and seemed still present in the rude hovel, when they opened their eyes to the daylight.

"Up, boy, up!" cried the lime-burner, staring about him. "Thank Heaven, the night is gone at last; and rather than pass such another, I would watch my limekiln, wide awake, for a twelvemonth. This Ethan Brand, with his humbug of an Unpardonable Sin, has done me no such mighty favour in taking my place!"

He issued from the hut, followed by little Joe, who kept fast

hold of his father's hand. The early sunshine was already pouring its gold upon the mountain tops; and though the valleys were still in shadow, they smiled cheerfully in the promise of the bright day that was hastening onward. The village, completely shut in by hills, which swelled away gently about it, looked as if it had rested peacefully in the hollow of the great hand of Providence. Every dwelling was distinctly visible; the little spires of the two churches pointed upwards, and caught a fore-glimmering of brightness from the sun-gilt skies upon their gilded weather-cocks. The tavern was astir, and the figure of the old, smoke-dried stage agent, cigar in mouth, was seen beneath the stoop. Old Graylock was glorified with a golden cloud upon his head. Scattered likewise over the breasts of the surrounding mountains, there were heaps of hoary mist, in fantastic shapes, some of them far down into the valley, others high up towards the summits, and still others, of the same family of mist or cloud, hovering in the gold radiance of the upper atmosphere. Stepping from one to another of the clouds that rested on the hills, and thence to the loftier brotherhood that sailed in air, it seemed almost as if a mortal man might thus ascend into the heavenly regions. Earth was so mingled with sky that it was a day-dream to look at it.

To supply that charm of the familiar and homely, which Nature so readily adopts into a scene like this, the stage-coach was rattling down the mountain-road, and the driver sounded his horn, while echo caught up the notes, and intertwined them into a rich, and varied, and elaborate harmony, of which the original performer could lay claim to little share. The great hills played a concert among themselves, each contributing a strain of airy sweetness.

Little Joe's face brightened at once.

"Dear father," cried he, skipping cheerily to and fro, "that strange man is gone, and the sky and the mountains all seem glad of it!"

"Yes," growled the lime-burner, with an oath, "but he has let the fire go down, and no thanks to him if five hundred bushels of lime are not spoiled. If I catch the fellow hereabouts again, I shall feel like tossing him into the furnace!"

With his long pole in his hand, he ascended to the top of the kiln. After a moment's pause, he called to his son.

"Come up here, Joe!" said he.

So little Joe ran up the hillock, and stood by his father's side. The marble was all burnt into perfect, snow-white lime. But on its surface, in the midst of the circle—snow-white, too, and thoroughly converted into lime—lay a human skeleton, in the attitude of a person who, after long toil, lies down to long repose. Within the ribs—strange to say—was the shape of a human heart.

"Was the fellow's heart made of marble?" cried Bartram, in some perplexity at this phenomenon. "At any rate, it is burnt into what looks like special good lime; and taking all the bones together, my kiln is half a bushel the richer for him."

So saying, the rude lime-burner lifted his pole, and, letting it fall upon the skeleton, the relics of Ethan Brand were crumbled into fragments.

N. HAWTHORNE.

*How Woman Accepts.*

THERE is one point of ethical improvement for which, strange to say, credit has never been given or asked on behalf of the woman of to-day ; and yet it is much less questionable than the impressive universal progress in education that has been claimed, now and then in grammar carrying with it a certain measure of refutation. Woman, then, is infinitely more polite to man—and particularly to man in love—at the end of this century than she had been for several generations back. She shows signs of reverting to the earlier days of romance, when, indeed, her politeness was exquisite. The ideal woman is unquestionably to be found in the novel of each age ; and how this heroine at the beginning of the century rewarded the unlucky aspirant to her favour may be gathered from the love passages of Scott. All that great romancist's vigilance in the research of character, all his humanity and realism, he kept for his men ; even his heroes were warmed with a kind of secondary vitality. But his heroine was ideal, and ideal according to Sir Walter's own mind and time, in whatever historical age he placed her. And her dignity seemed to him to demand a course of conduct quelling and quenching to her admirer. She had one word always ready for him what time he ventured to "trust his modest worth," and to propose. At that palpitating moment she infallibly called him ungenerous. It was the most superior word she had, and the most nicely calculated to drive to despair a young man who had long put a more than human restraint upon his ardour. Scott limited the number of faintings in his



love stories after a friend had counted them up and brought the total seriously before his notice. But it occurred to no one to show him to what a pitch "This—this is ungenerous" had gone; and there stands the inevitable phrase.

But the funniest instance—if, for the first time perhaps fun may be found in one of the saddest books in the world—of what woman earlier in the century considered due to herself is Charlotte Brontë's reception of the offer of marriage that practically closed her career. She was thirty-seven; she had had at least imaginative experiences; her suitor was a "very punctual and methodical man," and a "consistent Christian"—we have her own evidence for that. He was, moreover, suffering from a rheumatic affection; he had paid her his respectful addresses some time before; and she had sat under him during his ministrations as her father's curate. If two persons had ever come into those dispassionate conditions in which they could look each other in the face with dignity, and could treat the otherwise exciting question of marriage with a human gravity, the curate and the governess might be supposed to have reached that vantage ground. But how was the fully-expected offer at last encountered? Mrs. Gaskell tells it triumphantly. Triumphantly, because she evidently considered that, by the creditably hysterical and respectably violent attitude of her heroine, all suspicions as to the manners and morals of the author of "*Jane Eyre*" would be for ever silenced. There is, in effect, a consciousness of merit, infinitely curious, in the way in which the poor conventionalised genius herself relates to her biographer how she had acquitted herself at this crisis: "I could only entreat him to leave me then, and promise a reply on the morrow. I asked him if he had spoken to papa. He said he dared not. I think I half led, half put him out of the room." What the feelings of a punctual Christian might be at being either led or put out of the room for a dreary proposal of marriage the present generation cannot guess aright. For

the sense of personal ignominy, which cannot have been absent, was probably tempered by the happy conviction that whatever Man, the proposer, might have to endure, Woman, the accepter, had, at any rate, lived up to what was expected of her. And Man, worthy of the name, has always been content that, if the one or the other was to fulfil an ideal, that one should be Woman. Has not Browning put this into serious enough form in his dramatically abject and generous poem, "The Worst of It"?

Seeing that the excitable pranks in question are now happily out of date, it is opportune to remember that they are not older than times distinctly modern. The view of feminine dignity which they represent has, after all, its most emphatic exponent in Mrs. Cluppins, whose principles with regard to fainting and the naming of wedding days were unequivocal. The ideal woman, who fainted and who put a punctual Christian out of the room when he made his consistent proposals, was the woman of the time that insisted upon feminine abstinence from almost every kind of education. Impossible to conceive of such an ideal as existing in Elizabethan days. It is above all things un-Shaksperian and un-Dantesque. The courteous and lowly Beatrice cannot be imagined permitting herself an attack of the nerves when she accepted the father of her children to be. It took three crabbed months, said Leontes, to persuade Hermione to "open her white hand and clap herself his love." But her hesitations were certainly sincere, and not hysterical,—and, by the way, they were sufficiently justified in the sequel—and the final consent was manifestly as frank as are the delightful words in which her husband records it. Shakspeare's notion of a lady has yet to be bettered.

ALICE MEYNELL.

*The Story of a Conversion.*CHAPTER VI. *(Continued from p. 233.)*

**F**IRST, Moses, like Christ, led Israel out of Egypt, and they were baptised in water and the spirit, in the sea and in the cloud. Next, the Law was proclaimed from Sina, as by Our Lord in His ministry. Then followed the covenant sacrifice, as described on the one hand in the Old Testament in Exodus, xxiv, 4—18, and on the other hand in the New Testament in the accounts of the institution of the Eucharist and of the sacrifice of the Cross, which is identical with that of the Eucharist. For by a sacrifice may be meant either the thing offered or the act of offering it. If by sacrifice the thing offered be meant, it is, both in the Eucharist and on the Cross, the body and blood of Christ. If the act of offering be meant, it is in both cases complex—the Eucharist referring to the Cross, and the Cross to the Eucharist, so that both together form one complex whole. The reason why both together were required to form that one complex whole lies in the twofold nature of a covenant sacrifice. A covenant, being between two parties, becomes a covenant only by the ratification of both; which is accomplished among ourselves by both of the parties signing a deed. Where the deed was a sacrifice, the solemn ratification was communion in the sacrifice. When Christ offered Himself, the Christian sacrifice, to God upon the Cross, God signed the deed, as it were, by accepting the oblation of His life; and this was the covenant sacrifice as regards its application on the Divine side. But no covenant is effected be

the signature of one party alone. Without the Eucharist there would have been no covenant sacrifice whatever. But His Church, in the person of her representatives, the Apostles, subscribed to it on the human side in the way in which men subscribed themselves to sacrifices, by communion in the sacrifice ; and thus it possessed the two aspects which require to be united in a covenant sacrifice.

That this way of regarding the subject is the true one is proved by the parallelism of the covenant sacrifice of the Old Law described in the passage quoted above from the Book of Exodus. That sacrifice was not merely one of the many incidents of the Mosaic legislation. It stood by itself. It was the establishment of the covenant. The special and peculiar obligation of Israel to obey the Law, and the Divine promises to reward obedience, depended on it ; the whole subsequent sacrificial and ritual system was operative only by its efficacy, and was to God and man a memorial of the covenant. Other sacrifices were to be offered, but they were "other" only on an outside view. The covenant sacrifice lived on in them. They were no more than applications of it to particular circumstances and occasions as they arose, as subsequent celebrations of the Eucharist are only applications to other individuals of the Church's first Eucharistic consecration. And this parallelism was intended. In Exodus, as in the narratives of the Lord's Supper, what relates to the host is briefly passed over. We are only told that the sacrifice was in part a peace-offering, and that the princes of Israel ate and drank in the presence of a symbolical manifestation of Jehovah, which we are doubtless intended to conclude was in human form. But as to the sacrificial blood, both the Old Testament and the New enter into further detail. "Half of the blood he sprinkled on the altar." Here we have the Divine outlook of the covenant, corresponding to the shedding of the blood of Christ on the altar of the Cross. "And the other half he took and sprinkled it upon the people." In



this is supplied the other side, equally indispensable to the covenant, its outlook to Israel. "It was *one* blood," as Kurtz rightly remarks, "which was sprinkled half upon the altar as the place where Jehovah appeared, and half upon the people with whom the covenant was concluded. When one half was put upon the altar, it was placed not only in relation to Jehovah, as a protection against His judicial wrath, but also in relation to the people, whose sin it was to cover or expiate there. And when the other half was sprinkled upon the people, not only was it brought into connexion with the people, but as it was taken from the very same blood . . . the same relation to Jehovah was equally valid; . . . and the same blood," because it was the same, "was now to consecrate the nation and unite it" with Jehovah.\* "And he said, 'Behold the blood of the covenant.'" From this the "This is My blood of the covenant"—*My* blood, not that of the herd or of the flock—of St. Mark and St. Matthew is evidently drawn: while St. Paul and St. Luke's, "The new covenant in My blood," takes us back to Zachariah's reference to the covenant sacrifice, in the Messianic declaration, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion . . . Behold, thy king cometh unto thee . . . Thou indeed, thy covenant [is] in blood" (Zach. ix. 9-11).

We must not leave the words of institution without noticing, in conclusion, their condensed and emphatic character as an additional argument against their being merely metaphorical. Nothing could well be more shortly put than, for instance: "Do this for My memorial," the very brevity of which has been the occasion of misconstruction by careless readers, who have inferred that the Eucharist is a reminder of Christ by what the late Dean Stanley represented as a genial meal on bread and wine.† The very separation of the symbols of the body and

\* Kurtz, "Sacrificial Worship of the Old Testament" (Clark, Edinburgh, 1863), pp. 325, 326.

† "Commentary on 1 Corinthians," fourth edition, pp. 207, 208. Communion and Lord's Supper, he finds, are "Social and almost festive appella-

of the blood might have shown them that it is Our Lord's sacrificial death on the Cross which is the point of reference in the Eucharist, even had St. Paul not given this commentary: "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink the chalice, ye show forth\* the Lord's death till He come" (1 Cor. xi. 25). But in what sense did the Corinthians, by the fact of celebrating the Eucharist, show forth the death of Christ? Was to receive the Sacrament merely a way of saying that Christ was dead, and of calling His death to remembrance? No; because in that case the Apostle's inference: "Therefore, whoever shall eat the bread or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord," would be frivolous. Nothing could show greater ignorance of the spirit of the Christian religion and of the New Testament than to suppose that St. Paul would so speak of mere empty figures—"weak and beggarly elements," as he elsewhere (Gal. iv. 9) calls them with a kind of contempt engendered by his vivid realisation of the altogether different character of the Christian Sacraments of grace. "But," he continues, "let a man prove himself, and so let him eat of the bread and drink of the chalice; for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh condemnation to himself, not discerning," or, not discriminating, "the body of the Lord." The object with respect to which the guilt is contracted is not an empty figure, but the reality; that which has to be discriminated is not a mere figure of the Lord's body, but is the body of the Lord. What, again, is the reference in "Let a man prove himself"? To answer this question we have only to put ourselves in the position of those to whom the Epistle was written. They could interpret his words in only

tions"; the severity with which St. Paul condemned the Corinthians was "extreme," and encouraged the subsequent development of the Catholic doctrine.

\* The word *kataggello*, here translated by show forth, always means a solemn religious declaration: 2 Macc. viii. 36; ix. 17; Acts iii. 24; iv. 2; xiii. 5, 38; xv. 36; xvi. 17, 21; xvii. 3, 13, 23; etc.

one way. Pagans had to prove themselves before Communion in the sacrifices offered to their deities. Jews had to prove themselves before Communion in the peace-offerings—had to consider whether they had contracted any ceremonial uncleanness; and if they had offended against the covenant of Israel, had to make their confession and offer their sin-offering. A partaking before which one had to prove oneself could only be a peace-offering; and as a peace-offering, therefore, we here have the Eucharist again set before us. And precisely by being a peace-offering, it was a memorial. Nothing could be so vivid a memorial (not of Christ in a general way merely, nor of His death as a physical fact, but) of Our Lord's one and everlastingly efficacious sacrifice for our peace, as His invisible presence, living and irradiating peace, and set forth as a sacrifice by the distinction of the bread and of the chalice.

Another point about the words of institution is this. The Eucharist is often called bread, and wine,\* after consecration; from which a somewhat superficial objection has been taken. But both in Holy Scripture and elsewhere, for purposes of description and of identification by external characters, a thing receives the name of that which it seems to the senses to be; as when angels appearing in human shape are called men.† And when one thing is changed into another, the name of that which is changed is given to that into which it is changed: as the blind man in St. John's Gospel is called blind after he had received his sight, and the water turned into wine is afterwards called water. Similarly, after Aaron's rod and those of the magicians had been changed into serpents, they are still called

\* Never wine, by the way, in the New Testament; the reason perhaps being that, as was unquestionably the case, what was poured into the chalice was not wine alone, but wine and water. The nearest approach to calling it wine is where, *perhaps*, it is called the fruit of the vine in Matth. xxvi. 29; but the expression fruit of the vine was used in pronouncing a benediction only over mingled wine.—I say *perhaps*, because St. Luke places the words *before* the institution of the Eucharist.

† Genesis xviii. 2, 16; xix. 10, 12; xxxii. 24; etc.

rods.\* As these two reasons are united in the Eucharist, it is the more remarkable that in the formal initial statement in the words of institution, the sentences are in all the eight cases grammatically so constructed that such expressions as "this bread," "this wine," are avoided. Thus in the consecration of the host the words are "This (*touto*) is My body," and in that of the chalice "This" (*touto*), or "this chalice."† But in the first case the *touto* does not grammatically refer back to *artos*, bread (or, rather, a certain determinate portion of bread), mentioned just before, because *touto* is of the neuter and *artos* of the masculine gender; nor in the second case does it refer to *oinos*, wine, which is also masculine. It is as if Our Lord were represented as saying, "This definite and specific thing, to which I draw your attention by calling it *This*, though I do not further specify it by now calling it bread, or wine"—"This, which I hold in my hand, and so separate out and discriminate"—"This, of which I will presently tell you what it is, which this particular chalice contains."

Then follow the predicates "is My body," "is My blood"; in which everything is said as emphatically as it is possible to say it in the few words employed. The word *esti*, "is," is frequently left unexpressed in Greek sentences, unless it is required to indicate time or to avoid ambiguity in long and complex phraseology. "It is rarely inserted in simple propositions,

\* John ix. 17; ii. 9; Exodus vii. 12.

† Wherever, as in Matth. x. 42; xx. 22, 23; Mark ix. 41; xi. 38, 39; xiv. 46; Luke xxii. 42; John xvii. 11; Apoc. xiv. 10; and in the passages relating to the Eucharist, the word chalice or cup (*poterion*) is conjoined with the word or the idea of drinking, it means not the surrounding vessel, but what it contains. As Kuinoel remarks in his very valuable philological work, "Novi Testamenti Libri Historici" (Booker, London, 1835), on Matth. xxvi. 28, "*Calix*, apud Græcos Latinosque Scriptores, sæpius *potum* significat." The primary meaning of *poterion* is in fact not the cup, but the draught; the ending, *riōn*, is limiting and diminutive, as in *haptrion*, *paidarion*, *hopsarion*, *koimeterion*, *aistheterion*, *kogcharion*, etc. A certain limited definite quantity of water or of wine is called a *poterion* (from *potes* and *pino*) and then the word is applied to a vessel which contains such a quantity.



except for the sake of emphasis."\* In the words of institution it is introduced seven times out of eight, being omitted by St. Luke only in relating the consecration of the chalice, and this only after he had inserted it but a few words before, in the parallel case of the host. The effect would thus run on.—The precise and emphatic form of the "My body" and "My blood" ought also to be attended to. The definite article is prefixed to both, though this is not usual with respect to a simple predicate, except where it is intended to convey distinction and consequent emphasis; and we have, not simply *soma mou* and *haima mou*, but *to soma mou* and *to haima mou*, "that body of Mine," "that blood of Mine." The same stress is reiterated in the superadded clauses, which are expressed also with the definite article—*to didomenon* for instance, and not simply *didomenon*.† These clauses, too, are

\* Moses Stuart, "New Testament Grammar," § Ellipsis. "No verb is more frequently omitted" (Bos, "Greek Ellipses," under *einai*).

† "Almost every syllable of the original Greek," wrote Dr. A. Clarke, "On the Eucharist," p. 61, quoted by Cardinal Wiseman, "On the Real Presence," (Booker, London, 1836), p. 219, "especially the articles, is singularly emphatic." He then gives the Greek, and adds (slipping in, it will be noticed, the word represents), "The following literal translation and paraphrase do not exceed its meaning: '*For this is* [represents] *THAT blood of Mine* which was pointed out by all the sacrifices under the Jewish law, and particularly by the shedding and sprinkling the blood of the Paschal lamb: *THAT BLOOD* of the sacrifice slain for the ratification of the new covenant; *THE blood* ready to be poured out for the multitudes, the whole Gentile world as well as the Jews, for the taking away of sins, sin, whether original or actual, in all its power and guilt, in all its energy and pollution.' " Why, then, is that "represent" slipped in? "Because," says Dr. Clarke, "there is in the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Chaldaeo-Syriac languages no term which expresses to mean, signify, or denote, though both Greek and Latin abound with them; so that when the Hebrews desire to say 'This is a figure of,' they say, 'This is.'—But (1) the New Testament is written, not in Hebrew, Chaldee, or "Chaldaeo-Syriac," but in Greek; in which, as probably in all languages under the sun, there is abundance of ways of expressing that one thing is a figure of another; (2) In Hebrew there might have been used "as it were," or "so to speak," employing the common particle *Ce*, *as*, *e.g.*, in Canticles vi. 6; or "by a similitude," or "metaphor," as in Hosea xii. 11; or "may be likened to," or "compared with," as in Is. xlvi. 5; or "image," or "likeness," or "shadow," or "token," as in Genesis i. 26; Amos v. 26; Deut. iv. 16. In Chaldee, or, as it is now commonly called, Aramaic, there are also other ways of saying the same thing, as, *huqash*, analogous to; and

uniformly expressed in the form of the present, not of the future. *Didomenon*, for instance, means *hic et nunc* being given. It is a present participle, as *ekchunomenon*, poured out, and, in the common text of 1 Cor. xi. 24, *klomenon*, broken, also are; and the pouring out and the giving are represented as sacrificial. They are "for you and for many unto remission of sins";\* and the word *huper*, translated *for* in the passages of St. Paul and St. Luke, is never used of mere distribution at table. Much less is *peri*, the word translated by *for* in those of St. Mark and St. Matthew; while *huper* and *peri* are, as may be seen by consulting, e.g., the beginning of Leviticus in a Greek Old Testament, the two prepositions employed with respect to the aim or purpose of sacrifice.

as to Syriac, Dr. Wiseman took the trouble in his "*Horæ Syriacæ*" to show that there are more than forty words for to be a similitude of. (3) Even had there been none, it would have been not only needless, but misleading to insert "is." For in these three languages a frequent way of indicating that one thing is a figure of another is merely to put the names of the two things together without anything between them; but if *hayah*, *is*, is inserted, the idea of being, becoming, turning out to be, is almost always, if not always, implied. Müller, Mühlau, and Volck, consequently deny that *hayah* ever stands for the logical copula.

\* In Vigerus, "*De Idiotismis Graecis*" (Glasquæ, Duncan, 1813), chap. vi. sect. 1, p. 280, it is said by Zeunius that by what grammarians call *enallage*, the present participle may be used of the future; and the examples given, which are partly from classical and partly from New Testament writers, show that this may be the case where the action spoken of has already commenced. The two New Testament examples are Rom. xv. 25, "Now I go to Jerusalem, *ministering* to the Saints," and Hebrews xiii. 13, "Let us go forth to Him outside the gate, *bearing* His reproach." In both these cases the action is still chiefly future: St. Paul's ministry or service to the Christians at Jerusalem would not be completed till he had finished distributing among them the alms which he collected; and the reproach of Christ was to be borne as long as persecution or odium lasted. But in both cases the action was already beginning or begun. The Cross, the reproach of Christ, was already on the shoulders of those who were exhorted to carry it outside the gate; and St. Paul was acting as a servant to the Saints when he set out for Jerusalem. The classical examples are of the same character. It would be whimsical to suppose that four New Testament writers should conspire to use present participles in a totally and exclusively future sense in describing the institution of the Eucharist, and should never so employ them elsewhere. But if the sacrificial giving and outpouring was initiated at the institution of the Eucharist, that Eucharist was for that reason, as well as for others, sacrificial.

Such is the argument from St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians—an argument, as will have been perceived, which does not stand alone, but, itself eminently cumulative, does but crown previous arguments from natural reason, primitive custom, ancient symbolism, Old Testament prophecy, and interpretations of such prophecy in the New Testament. And this argument is itself in turn crowned by other as yet unnoticed and distinct argument from the seven times repeated expression in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel: "*He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him.*" With this expression the present state of Biblical criticism enables us to deal very briefly and compendiously. It is, manifestly, to be understood either literally or metaphorically. But it is to be understood literally, though in a literal sense far higher than Our Lord's hearers could have comprehended at the time, so that His insistence on faith, in the earlier part of the chapter, was necessary to lead up to it. The metaphorical meaning is utterly out of place; it is to injure, accuse, or calumniate.\* Our Lord could not possibly have meant, "Unless you do Me wrong, you have no union with Me through love, and no prospect of eternal life." It is hopeless to attempt to bolster up a metaphorical interpretation by the subsequent declaration: "What, then, if you should see the Son of Man ascending where He was before? It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I have spoken to you are spirit and are life." This declaration gives no ground for interpreting the previous phraseology metaphorically, whether it be itself interpreted metaphorically or literally. Interpreted metaphorically, it means: "A carnal frame of mind profits nothing; My words are to be interpreted by a spirit of grace and faith." Interpreted literally, it means: "Do not think you are to eat My flesh like the flesh of a dead body. The mere flesh in itself, dead and divorced from my higher

\* Ps. xvii. 2; Job xix. 22; Eccles. iv. 5; Micah iii. 3; James v. 3; Gal. v. 4; etc.

nature, would profit nothing. The spirit quickens the flesh, and makes it the vehicle of spirit ; and the body of which I speak is My body living again and spiritualised, as it will be at My Ascension." But flesh, as contrasted with spirit, never in the New Testament means the literal as contrasted with the metaphorical meaning of words.\* "Israel according to the flesh," for instance, means Israel by mere literal descent ; to "walk, not according to the flesh, but according to the spirit," means to live in conformity to the suggestions of our higher, and not of our lower, animal, and visible nature (1 Cor. x. 18 ; Rom. viii. 5). As may be seen by referring to a Concordance, the contrast is never that between the literal and the metaphorical.

To complete the discussion of the doctrine of Sacrifice and Eucharist, all that now remains is to view it in relation with some other parts of the Christian system with which it is vitally connected, though they are often superficially imagined to be in contradiction to it. These are the doctrine of Our Lord's Sole Mediatorship ; that of His Inalienable Priesthood ; and that of His One Sacrifice on the Cross. First, then, of the Sole Mediatorship.

That "Our Lord Jesus Christ" is "the one Mediator, Who reconciled us to God in His blood, being made for us justice and sanctification and redemption,"† is of course a doctrine of the Catholic Church, the denial of which would be heresy. Theologians,‡ going further into the subject, distinguish two kinds of mediatorship, one of which they call natural or physical, and the other moral or ethical ; the mediatorship in the first of these two meanings consisting in what Christ *was*—that He was both God and man—and the second in what He *did*—that, being both God and man, He mediated between God and men. It is this

\* See, for a fuller account, the admirable work referred to above, Dr. [afterwards Cardinal] Wiseman's "Lectures on the Real Presence."

† Council of Trent, Decree on Original Sin, Canon 3.

‡ e.g., Petavius, "De Incarnatione," l. xii., c. 1.



last that is usually intended by Christ's Mediatorship.\* Mediator and its Greek equivalent *mesites*, are, however, terms in themselves of very wide and general meaning. Anyone who instructs another in what concerns his spiritual welfare, or gives up anything for his spiritual good (as a mother may do for that of a child), or shields and guards him from temptation, or prays for him, or is instrumental in bringing out the good there is in him—is so far a mediator between him and God. By his influence or his intercession he makes a human life better than it would otherwise have been, and changes the course which Divine Providence would have taken had it not been for his or some other intervention. *Per se*, a mediator or *mesites* is simply one who steps in or interposes between two parties, to bring them into or to retain them in peace and harmony with each other. The primary signification of the expression is of course legal and social, but from this a religious and theological application naturally grew up. A mediator between God and one or more human beings is an *interpres* in the classical sense of the word; that is, he is an intermediary or helper to bring God and the man or men together; and whoever does any good in the world does it by doing this.†

\*The reason is that, like other words ending in *-tor*, such as tutor, censor, legislator, protector, transgressor, etc., the term mediator is applied to anyone, not primarily because of what he *is* in himself, but on account of what he *does* or *has done*.

† There exist in Hebrew two terms for mediator or intervener—*melîts*, and *'ish-bhanîm*. The second means literally "a man of sons," which may be taken in two ways: (a) one to whom the members of one party are, as it were, sons or children, so that he is their champion; and (b) one who has a regard or affection for both parties, as if both belonged to him, in consequence of which he amicably interposes between them. It occurs only twice in the Old Testament; once in the first sense, "And there went out an *'ish-bhanîm* out of the camp of the Philistines," and once in the second, where Job says of himself and God that "There is no *'ish-bhanîm* between us, to lay his hand upon us both" (1 Kings [Samuel] xvii. 4; Job ix. 33).—The other term, *melîts*, is the Hiphil participle of a verb *lûts*, one of a group of words (Arabic, *la'ats*, to deflect; Hebrew, *lûz*, to bend, and *lûtz*, to put another face on a matter, or present it in a different light; Aramaic, *tsela'*, *tsalê*, *tsalleh*, to present an argument or a petition, and so to cause the person to whom the appeal is made to abandon his previous

The very fact that there may be infinite kinds and gradations of mediatorship in this wide and general sense, shows that something more is intended when Our Lord is solemnly announced to be the One Mediator between God and man (1 Tim. ii. 5). If Christ were an intermediary between God and man only in the general and common way in which a preacher, or a counsellor, or a priest, or a helper as one man may help another, is an intercessor, he would be only one mediator among a multitude. His mediatorship, on the contrary, being unique, is of a special

purpose ; Syriac, *tselo'*, to bend, bow down, incline the ear, etc.), the central idea of which is that of bending or swerving. In a bad sense, therefore, *lîtz* means to burlesque or "turn into" ridicule, as in Prov. iii. 34 ; xiv. 9 ; xix. 28 ; Ps. cxix. 51. This is probably the meaning of *melitsim* (plural of *melits*) in Job xvi. 20, "My *melitsim*, my companions" or associates : translated in the English versions by "my friends are my scorers" or by similar words. The Targum, however, has, "my Paracletes," or advocates, "my companions." In what may be called a neutral sense, *melits* means an interpreter, *i.e.*, one who changes the words, but gives the meanings ; as in Genesis xlii. 23, "There was a *melits*," an interpreter, "between them." It thus came to mean an ambassador ; and, of course, ambassadors had to speak foreign languages, and had to turn their messages so as to render them as acceptable as they could be made to the ears of those to whom they were addressed. It is thus used in 2 Chron. xxxii. 31, "The *ambassadors* of the princes of Babylon." From this, *melits* acquired a favourable sense. An ambassador has not merely to translate ; he has to put in the most favourable light the request or demand of the potentate by whom he is commissioned. An interpreter, too, had not only to give a version of the *words* of those on whose behalf he acted ; he would be expected also to explain the meaning of the gestures and the symbolic garb of prisoners or suppliants, which might seem uncouth to those before whom they presented themselves. *Melits* thus came to mean an advocate, a person whom one calls in to plead one's cause to the best advantage ; and in this sense it is used in Is. xliii. 27, where the prophet represents God speaking to Israel and (looking forward to a new beginning) saying : "Thy first father [Abraham, or, more probably, Jacob-Israel] sinned, and thy *melitsim* transgressed against Me," where the *melitsim* are the prophets, the priests, and the kings ; the interpreters (cf. Virgil's *hominum Divûmque interpres*) of the will of God to the people, and of the wishes and feelings of the people to God. The only other occasion on which *melits* is used is in Elihu's address, in Job xxxiii. 23, 24. The two verses are translated as follows in King James's version :—"If there be a messenger with him, an interpreter (*melits*) one among a thousand, to show unto man his uprightness : Then he is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit : I have found a ransom." The word *mal'ach*, translated messenger, is the ordinary word for an angel ; but, like the Greek *aggellos*, it may denote any kind of messenger. For instance, it means priest in Malachi ii. 7 : "The 'priest's lips shall keep knowledge, and they shall seek the law at his mouth' [summarised by the prophet

character. To understand what this special character is, we have only to bear in mind that in the language of Holy Scripture, religion—while spoken of as pre-eminently calling forth the noblest feelings of the human heart—is constantly represented not as in itself a vague, sensational, emotional thing, but, seriously and soberly, as a definite covenant resting on terms. On the Scriptural view, it is a covenant between God and man or between God and some particular man or men, in which God pledges himself to do certain things, on proviso that the other

from the Tôrah, Deut. xvii. 9, 10, etc.], for he [is] the messenger," *mal'ach*, "of the Lord of Hosts." It has the same meaning in Eccles. v. 5, 6, where the preacher warns those he is addressing against excusing themselves from the fulfilment of their votive offerings by falsely alleging in confession that the vow was made "in ignorance" or "in error," without deliberate thought:—"Better [is it] that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay. Suffer not thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin," *i.e.*, Do not make a bad confession; "neither say thou before the angel, that it was an error: wherefore should God be angry at thy voice, and destroy the work of thy hands?" The rendering of *mal'ach* by angel is here quite obviously improper; but the context of Job xxxiii. 23, in which the protecting intercessor is contrasted with the destroying angels, to whom the man was drawing nigh (Job xxxiii. 22) when the "angel mediator" interposed to save him, shows (cf. Delitzsch's Commentary) that in the passage in Job a superterrestrial being is intended. The mediation of this being, it will be observed, consists of two parts. First, he shows the man what is right—in what his true uprightness consists, in what dispositions he ought to accept his sickness. And, second, when this lesson has been learnt, he is gracious to him, and says to the ministers of wrath: "Deliver him from," let him be free from the punishment of, "going down into the pit," *i.e.*, from dying; "I have found a ransom."

The English term mediator is letter for letter the same with the Latin *mediator*, which is connected with the late Latin word *mediare*, the termination-*tor* merely denoting (see previous note \*) the person who carries out the action of the verb. It is derived from the Latin *medius*, middle, the idea being that the mediator stands, as it were, in the middle, and interposes himself between the two parties. The kinds and gradations of "mediatorship" are consequently innumerable. The corresponding Greek term is *mesites*, which is used six times in the New Testament:—once of Moses (Gal. iii. 19); once in a general declaration that a *mesites* is not of one, *i.e.*, if there is an intermediary, there must be at least two persons between whom he intermediates; and four times of Our Lord—once (1 Tim. 5. 6) without further comment than that He is the one Mediator as man or in His human nature, and that He gave Himself a ransom for all, and thrice (Hebrews viii. 6, ix. 15, xii. 24) with the explanation that He is the Mediator of the New Covenant, or New Testament.—*Mesites* is allied to the late Greek *mesiteuo*, to interpose, which is employed of ambassadors, etc., and occurs



party or parties to the covenant fulfil certain conditions. By reference to the fifteenth and seventeenth chapters of Genesis it will be seen that the Abrahamic revelation was expressly in the form of a *covenant*:—"Walk before Me, and be perfect, and I will make My covenant between Me and thee . . . an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee," etc. The same was the case with the Mosaic revelation, which is again and again described as a covenant or testament. This way of speaking was consequently very familiar to the writers of the New Testament.\* They describe the offer of grace and salvation through Jesus Christ as also made through a covenant. There was, however, the following difference. In the covenant with Abraham only two persons, God and Abraham himself, were concerned. It was brought about without any mediator or intermediary, except in so far as God may be said Himself to have intervened to constitute it. But in the Mosaic covenant, which was entered into not with one person, but with the whole body of the Hebrew people who had been brought out of Egypt, instead of independent personal revelations being made to each member of the multitude directly, one single person, Moses, was selected to bring the covenant about by authoritatively declaring its terms, by offering the covenant sacrifice, and by administering the law as the supreme ruler and

once in the New Testament (Hebrews vi. 17) of God interposing with an oath between Himself and Abraham (Genesis xv. 13, 18). A similar word is *presbeuo*, to be an ambassador, used in 2 Cor. v. 20, "We are ambassadors for Christ," and in Eph. v. 20, "The good tidings, for which I am an ambassador in a chain." *Mesites* is derived from the Greek *mesos*, middle, and its termination *-tes* corresponds to the Latin *-tor*. The term made use of as its equivalent in the Syriac New Testament is *metsoyo*, which means standing in the middle, and is allied to the Aramaic or Chaldee *metsa'*, the middle.

\* See Matth. xxvi. 28; Mark xiv. 24; St. Peter, in Acts iii. 24-26; St. Paul, 2 Cor. iii. 6, etc.; Luke xxii. 20; St. John, in the Apocalypse, xi. 19. This conception of the Christian religion has already been brought before the reader in the observations made on the words: "This is the new covenant in My blood." The Old Law—as the Law given through Moses is called in contrast to the New Law, or Law of Christ—receives the name of covenant some scores of times in Holy Scripture.



judge (cf. John v.) of the congregation. The Law of Moses was thus ordained "in the hand of a mediator" (Gal. iii. 19) or intermediary. The New Law was ordained in the same way. Our Lord is "the mediator of a better covenant" than that of Moses; he is the "mediator of the new covenant"—the mediator, not of individual men as individuals, but, as far as they choose to come under the covenant, of mankind universally; "the mediator between God and *men*, the man Christ Jesus."\* The question was not one of bringing this or that particular person into amity with God, or of obtaining pardon for this or that particular sin, leaving other persons or other sins out of account. It was that of framing a covenant—of establishing once for all a general and permanent scheme of reconciliation available for everyone. According to the Scripture representation, therefore, the mediatorship of Christ consists in His being the sole ordainer and constitutor of the scheme of Christian religion, by means of which anyone may obtain pardon if he will conform to the conditions set forth in the common charter of redemption.

The endeavour, so often made by Lutherans, to understand the special and exalted mediatorship of Christ without any higher reference than to the vague idea of spiritual mediatorship or intervention in general, is consequently as unscriptural as it is degrading to Christ's dignity and honour. Their lower conception of His mediatorship even raises a suspicion in the minds of Lutherans that one who prays for another is infringing on Our Lord's mediatorial office; and however they may protest that they do not entertain this puerile notion in respect of prayers offered by those on earth, they cannot with any countenance pretend that it is not prevalent among them as to prayers presented by angels and Saints in Heaven—because even their controversialists are continually betraying their poor

\* 1 Tim. ii. 5; Hebrews vii. 22; viii. 6; ix. 15; xii. 24. The word *men* in the passage last quoted is without the article, and means the human race.

and low conception of the mediatorship by arguing that such prayers cannot but interfere with it. But by the higher Catholic doctrine that Our Lord's mediatorship is His being the mediator of the new covenant, the very possibility of such blunders is eliminated. Neither preacher, nor priest, nor other human helper still living in the world, nor Saint, nor angel, can for a moment be imagined to be that. He Who has instituted the Christian religion towers above them all; they act only under and in virtue of the covenant of which He is the author and the surety; their whole spiritual life and being is derived from it: all their holiness and their happiness are rooted in it; and in whatever belongs to the supernatural order, they do but draw, directly or indirectly, from the waters of salvation which the Mediator of the Covenant supplies.

The objection with regard to the mediatorship is general; it admits, therefore, of only a general answer. The second objection, that which is drawn from His Sole Priesthood, brings the first to a point, and does so because His prophetic,\* priestly, and kingly office are the three parts of His mediatorship—which, when we consider it closely, resolves itself into these three

\* Prophet, prophetic, prophesy, etc., are now usually employed only in connexion with predicting or foretelling the future. But this is only a modern by-meaning; and in the older usage in which the terms are employed in religious literature, they, strictly speaking, refer to declaring what it is the will of God that the hearer should know or do. The Greek *prophetes*, of which prophet is the English form, "properly means one who speaks for another, especially one who speaks for a God" (Liddell and Scott, *sub voce*). In this sense, in which prophet, prophesy, etc., are used when the prophetic office of Christ, of the Church, of individual Christians, is spoken of, prediction is by no means necessarily involved. A *prophet* (in the signification of a *declarer*) may, indeed, foretell future events, and if he does so otherwise than by guesswork or by natural sagacity, he must be acting under some higher than human power. But he is equally a prophet or declarer when he comments on the present or the past, explaining what was the intention of Divine Providence in it, or if he makes known what God is or what we are to believe or do. In the books of the Old Testament prophets there is a very great deal that is not prediction, and the word prophesy frequently occurs in Holy Scripture without reference to foretelling what has not yet taken place, e.g.: "Prophesy unto the wind, O son of man;" "Prophesy unto us, O Christ, who is it that struck Thee" (Ezechiel xxxvii. 9; Matth. xxvi. 68).

things, to be prophet, priest, and king. Now, according to the uniform teaching of the New Testament, whatever Christ possesses as mediator, He possesses to communicate to others as far as the limitations of their nature admit. He is Son of God ; we by participation are children of God. He rose from the dead ; we shall rise in His likeness. He reigns ; His followers shall reign with him. We should form only a niggardly idea of His goodness—we should, in fact, deny it to be goodness at all—if we denied it to be communicative of itself. His very possession of the three offices of prophet or declarer, priest, and king, implies the existence in the Christian dispensation of prophets, priests, and kings under Him in various gradations ; for the simple reason that He is the antitype and exemplar of redeemed humanity. But in Him alone are these three offices self-sustaining, necessarily united, and complete ; among his people, they are dependent, separable or even separated, and imperfect.—In the first place, He was prophet, and as such He proclaimed the terms or conditions of the covenant He came to institute ; some of which, as, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart,” had been enounced in the former covenant through Moses, and were only re-enacted ; while others—such as “Do this as My memorial,” “Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted,” “Baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost”—were new, if not in substance, at least in form and application. But though Christianity is a “prophetic” system in the older meaning of prophetic—*i.e.*, though it is a system declaratory of what we are to believe and do—there is in it no one who is a “prophet” in the fulness of Our Lord’s prophetic office. Catechists, teachers and preachers, theologians, Bishops, Synods, Popes, can do no more than hang on by Him, and reiterate, apply, draw out, and formulate His teaching. And this because He and He alone is the mediator of the covenant. He promulgated it as its maker ; they have to take it as he left it. His proclamation of its conditions was

made as king ; whatever laws He promulgated are laws because they are His ; while they are subjects, with all power as far as the covenant gives it them, and no power which extends a hair's-breadth beyond its conditions.

From this it follows that the doctrine of the Christian priesthood and sacrifice is not only not incompatible with Christ's mediatorship, but naturally results from it. What has just been said of His prophetic is manifestly applicable to his priestly or sacerdotal office. Does His sole possession of His prophetic office preclude the existence of Christian teachers and pastors ? Certainly not. What Nonconformist, except a Quaker, would say that silence ought to reign in all conventicles, and that even St. Paul, St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, were no longer to be listened to, because Christ is the sole teacher of the New Law ? Does, then, His sole possession of His priestly office preclude the existence of Christian priests ? As assuredly, no. The prophetic and the priestly office are here on a par ; and, it may be observed, all three offices are, as it were, interlocked together. Thus, He promulgated His laws as king, coming, by a special condescension, Himself to announce them :—" God, Who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all in these days hath spoken to us by His Son " (Hebrews i. 1, 2). Equally did He make this promulgation as priest ; a design of conforming to those laws was the proviso on which He would have his sacrifice be applicable. As priest, He offers up the sacrifice of Himself. But in all the stages of that sacrifice He also discharges a prophetic function. In the first stage, " Being in the form of God, He emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of man, and in habit found as a man " (Phil. ii. 6, 7). In the second stage, He taught by His death even more impressively than by His ministry, and gave an example of dying which every Christian recalls to mind when He knows that the last days of His life are arriving.



Not only this, but He *de facto* inspired by it a dislike and even horror of sin more intense than has resulted from the instructions of any other teacher, because "Sin crucified my Lord." *Res ex effectu cognoscitur*. We must not omit this effect when we ponder the providential purpose of this mysterious method of atonement through Our Lord's death—a method which has certainly not been less effective as a check on evil because of its mysteriousness. Who have dreaded evil more than those who have had a solid devotion to the passion of Our Lord? Nor is this all; but if we think of His death (as we ought to think of it) conjointly with His resurrection and ascension, He showed by His own living example in His resurrection-life that death need have no more than transient terrors and no more than temporary self-effacement; for which reason, indeed, He is represented not only as the Mediator of the New Covenant, but also as the surety and guarantee of its promises, the faithfulness of which He exemplifies in His own person. And in the the third stage He is a priest for ever. Nor was He only priest and prophet in His sacrifice. He was also king. In offering it He acted like a king; no man taking His life from Him, but He Himself having power to lay it down and to take it up again (John x. 18). No one can in the sense in which it is allowed to Christian ministers be fully a *prophet* of Christ, who does not "proclaim the death of Christ till He come" (1 Cor. xi. 26), in the Eucharist, in the way in which He directed that proclamation to be made. But yet, like His prophetic office, His sacerdotal office—Christianity is, we must not forget, by the fact of Christ's sacerdotal office, a sacerdotal religion—is peculiar to Himself. His sacrifice purchased the New Covenant. By the nature of the case, no one else could afterwards offer himself up to mediate that Covenant. But, observe, it does not in the least follow that there are not other priests under Him with a subordinate sacerdotal function derived from His unique priesthood, just as there are under Him other

"prophets" or declarers, with a subordinate teaching function created by His unique prophetic office.

The inference "Because Christ is priest, there are in the Christian system subordinate priests," is additionally confirmed by the nature of His third mediatorial office, which is such that *because* He is king, there are under Him subordinate kings. His kingly office is in Scripture described as the consequence of His sacrifice on Calvary,\* as solemnly proclaimed by His resurrection,† after which He was enthroned by His ascension,‡

\* "We see Jesus, Who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death crowned with glory and honour" (Hebrews iii. 9 ; cf. Phil. ii. 8). These passages prove, by the way, that, contrary to the position formerly, at least, taken up by extreme Protestants, Christ in His passion merited, or acted so as to gain a reward, for Himself as well as for us (cf. Forbes, "Considerationes Modestæ," § "De Christo Mediatore"). The older and more thorough-going Protestants denied that He merited anything for Himself by His sacrifice or any other part of His mediation. The reason was that if it had been admitted that He obtained merit from God by His mediation, He must have been acknowledged to be mediator as man, which the text, "One mediator of God and man, the *man* Christ Jesus," indeed, declares Him to be. For God, being already infinite, cannot merit to be anything more. But to recognise that Our Lord mediates as man is inconsistent with rigid, and now antiquated, Lutheranism. It is to admit the principle of human intermediation into the very citadel of Christian doctrine ; and, once acknowledged there, might it not be applied also to a human priesthood, and to the intermediation of the Saints and of the Blessed Virgin ? To get rid of the idea of a human mediatorship, the older Protestants consequently declared Christ to be mediator in His *Divine* nature. They thereby undermined the doctrine of the true and proper divinity of Our Lord ; for if the nature through which Christ mediates for us with the Father be supposed to be His Divine nature, that Divine nature must be supposed to be of an intermediate character between God and man, and not really so exalted as the deity of the Father. In this way, and in others, the Protestant doctrine of the mediatorship prepared the way for later Rationalism.

† Rom. i. 4. In the Douai version, "who was predestinated the Son of God in power, according to the spirit of sanctification, by the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ from the dead." The words "of our Lord Jesus Christ" are a comment thrown in to prevent anyone from wrongly imagining the general resurrection of the dead to be referred to. They do not exist in the Greek. In the original, too, the word for "predestinated" is *horisthentos*, which means made, constituted, set, determined. The idea is that from the time of His resurrection Our Lord was to be "the Son of God with power." Was He not always the Son of God with power ? Yes ; but it was not to the full extent and by a final test made manifest that He was so, until He conquered death. Why then "predestinated" to be the Son of God with power, by His resurrection ? Because this was not an accident ; Almighty God previously intended it. Predestination is only the intention of Him, Who, being all-powerful and all-wise, carries His intention out.

‡ Eph. iv. 8 ; etc.

whenceforward He sits at the right hand of God.\* So sitting, He invites His people to be partakers of His session, and goes far beyond anything the Catholic Church has defined with respect to angels and to Saints. "He that overcometh," He says, "[to him] will I give to sit down with Me on My throne, even as I also overcame, and sat down with My Father on His throne." This striking metaphor does not involve equality. He who calls another to sit down with him on his throne must be the superior of the other whom he calls. But it assuredly implies a very high and a very real dignity; and if the kingly office of Christ is such that when fully explicated it involves that His Saints are seated with Him on the throne which is His by inalienable right, how can we, who already know that His unique prophetic office issued in subordinate prophetic ministries, deny that the central priesthood, which He holds to the exclusion of all others,† may have produced in the world below reflections of itself? Does not St. Peter

\* Eph. i. 20, 21. "Raised Him from the dead, and made Him to sit at His right hand in the heavenly places, far above all rule, and authority, and power, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but in that which is to come." We must not imagine this session at the right hand of the Father to be a state of inactivity. His throne is the throne of a king; and a king ought not to be inactive.

† *Aparabaton echei ten hierosunen* (Hebrews vii. 25) "inalienably," as it were, "He occupies the priesthood." Douai, He "hath an everlasting priesthood"; King James's version, "hath an unchangeable priesthood;" its Revision, "hath His priesthood unchangeable," with, in the margin, "hath His priesthood inviolable," and, "hath a priesthood that doth not pass to another." No change of government, consequently, will ever take place to imperil or disturb the tenure of those who act under Him. "There appears," says Dr. B. F. Westcott, "The Epistle to the Hebrews," Macmillan, 1889, *ad loc.*, "to be no independent authority for the sense 'untransmitted, that does not pass to another.'" But though this is not the direct meaning of the word *aparabatos*, the passage manifestly implies the Catholic doctrine that Our Lord's priesthood will never be handed over by Him to any other being.—But to infer from this that no subordinate participation of it is possible would be as puerile as it would be to conclude from Apoc. xi. 5, "and He shall reign for ever and ever," that He has not said, "To him that overcometh will I give to sit down with Me on My throne" (Apoc. iii. 21). Such a way of reasoning would ignore the difference between a conqueror appointing his adherents to the chief posts of his kingdom, and his being driven from or abdicating the monarchy.



say to the Christians to whom his first epistle is addressed, "Be as living stones built up for a spiritual house for a holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices to God through Jesus Christ," and call them "a race separated out, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a people for [God's peculiar] possession"?\* In this assertion of a general priesthood the existence

\* 1 Peter ii. 5 and 9; cf. Apoc. i. 6; v. 10; xx. 6.—"A *spiritual* house," a temple, the atmosphere of which is one of good thoughts and holy desires; cf. 1 Cor. iii. 17; vi. 19. "*Spiritual* sacrifices," sacrifices conformable to the teachings and suggestions of the Holy Spirit and to the instincts of the higher part of the soul of man on which the Holy Spirit acts. *Pneumatikos*, the word here translated by spiritual, means relating to, emanating from, replete with, or possessed of the qualities of *pneuma*; and by *pneuma* (cf. *ante*, p. 128) is meant air or breath or, by extension of this original meaning, any subtle invisible principle of life or activity, penetrating and actuating other objects, or capable of doing so. St. John, for example, says that he was "in the spirit" on the Lord's day (Apoc. i. 10). He does not mean that he was spiritualised in our sense of the word, but that he was actuated or inspired by the Holy Ghost, Who of the three Divine Persons is especially called *Pneuma*, because He is pre-eminently the Inspirer—or, literally, the In-breather. St. Paul, in 1 Cor. v. 3, speaks of being present with the Corinthians in the *pneuma*, or, as we translate it, in the spirit; but the idea is not that of literal presence in a disembodied state, but that what they were doing was made known to his *pneuma*—by which he there denotes the highest faculty or potency of the soul, by which it enters into supernatural and mystical relation with the divine. He uses the term in the same way when he says, later on (1 Cor. xiv): "When I pray in a tongue, my *pneuma* prays, but there is no fruit for my *nous*," or understanding:—"when," that is to say "my *pneuma* is absorbed in a holy and mysterious emotion, and from my lips, proceed accents which I cannot translate into articulate thought or speech, my *pneuma*, indeed, prays; but it is only when my *nous* keeps pace with the current of emotion and divine intuition in the *pneuma*, that I can afterwards distinctly recall it to myself, or instruct others by its means." Somewhat similarly, "What to pray for as we ought, we do not know, but the *pneuma* itself makes more urgent interposition for us with groanings," or sighings, "unutterable" (Rom. viii. 26):—where the ideas of the Divine *Pneuma* as actuating the human *pneuma*, and of the human *pneuma* as actuated by the Divine, form as it were one whole (cf. Gal. iv. 6).—From the meaning of *pneuma* follows that of *pneumatikos*. "Spiritual" men (*pneumatikoi*) are men whom the *pneuma* guides; "spiritual" songs are the results of its activity; the Law is "spiritual" (Rom. vii. 14), because it was breathed forth by the Holy Ghost; we are to be guided by its "spirit" or animating principles (2 Cor. iii. 6); and the gifts of healing, of teaching, etc., are "spiritual" when they are supernatural (Rom. i. 11; 1 Cor. xii.-xiv.). The manna and the water from the rock were "spiritual," because they were the means by which God fulfilled His promise made to Abraham that He would give to his seed all the country of Canaan, after they had four hundred years been aliens in a land that was not theirs; and Christ in His Divine nature was the "spiritual" rock, the only rock "that followed them," dominating as it were



of a special priesthood among Christians is implied both logically and historically.—It is implied logically. A community, we may very well grant, may be no better than a mere mob; or it may be so small that a fixed and regular distribution of offices in it would be mere artificial formalism; or an office may be so insignificant that it is not worth while to trouble about it. But wherever, in an extensive and properly organised body of men, an office or function is regarded as so important that every member has in it a certain general partici-

or immanent in the material rock, and supplying in the wilderness waters which it was beyond the power of a mere material rock to yield (1 Cor. x. 3, 4; Exodus xvii. 6, beginning of verse; Genesis xv.) When St. John writes (Apoc. xi. 8) that Jerusalem is "spiritually" (Is. i. 9, 10) called Sodom and Egypt, we must not suppose that he intends no more than to draw a comparison. As in Apoc. xvii. 5, he is directing our attention to an identity of principle: the same "inwardness," the same instinctive repulsions and attractions, found outward expression both in Sodom and Egypt which oppressed Lot and Israel respectively, and in the Jerusalem which crucified the Messiah and persecuted His disciples.—We read (to give one more example of this phraseology) in the Epistle to the Ephesians, that the Christian warfare is "not against blood and flesh, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the *pneumatika*, the "spiritual" [hosts] of wickedness in the heavenly [places]." Demons, princes of the power of the air, as St. Paul writes earlier (ii. 2) in the same Epistle, are here referred to, whose influence, like a miasma from a murky sky, enters into and infects mankind. The word *pneumatika*, translated "spiritual," by no means conveys that they are immaterial, though they of course *de facto* are so. Remembering that the primary meaning of *pneuma* is air or breath, and looking at the context, the word *pneumatika* will be seen to have to do with their subtle and penetrative character, which is described as such that we are infected by it as by a virus in the air we breathe. "Hosts," or some other word, has to be subjoined in a translation, to give the passage an English turn. But it no more exists in the original than "places" does, and for it "influences" or any other vague word might be substituted—the more vague the better, since in the Greek there is a blank. "Spirit," "in the spirit," "spiritual," and "spiritually," have not in the New Testament the signification which our modern metaphysical use of the word spirit would lead us to expect. They may be, and from the nature of the case they often are, applied to or denote what is immaterial—just as the word tree may be applied to an oak, though tree does not mean oak in particular, but includes other kinds of trees as well. Immaterial beings operate more subtly than others, and religious writings speak of them more frequently. But the New Testament "spirit," etc., do not of themselves connote or convey the idea of immateriality, just as tree does not of itself carry the idea of oak tree; while the meaning illustrated by the above examples runs through the whole assemblage of instances in which the terms are employed. The terms are, it need not be insisted on, among the most important in the New Testament.

pation, there are some to whom it peculiarly and especially belongs. The Church, for instance, has its hierarchy ; the army has its officers, to whom it especially appertains to preserve the military spirit ; the magistrature has its judges ; the electorate has its Parliament ; the shareholders of companies have their directors ; a fleet has its admirals ; a state its ministers.—And it is also implied historically. The conception of a general priesthood dies out, and is appealed to by controversialists only when it suits them, if there is not also a special priesthood for it to hinge on. The conception of a general priesthood is not, therefore, original to Christianity ; it has of course come down to it from the Jews, because with them a special priesthood was one of the leading features of religious polity. In the sixty-first chapter of “ Isaiah,” and, by the way, in that part of it (Is. lxi. 1-9) from which Our Lord took the text of his discourse in the synagogue at Capernaum (Luke iv. 18), the prophet, addressing the Jewish people at large, says of them : “ Ye,” the whole people, “ shall be named the priests of the Lord ; men shall call you, the ministers of our God : ”—and then, in reference to their princely position, “ Ye shall eat of the wealth of the Gentiles, and to their glory shall ye succeed.” This passage may have been in St. Peter’s mind, especially if it were dwelt on in Our Lord’s first sermon. But that which he prefers to quote is an earlier and still more suggestive text to which the words of the prophet refer back :—“ Ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto Me above all peoples : for all the earth is Mine : and ye shall be unto Me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation ” (Exodus xix. 5, 6). And what followed on this ? Why, the establishment of a special priesthood to organise, and so to vitalise, the general priesthood, which without it was fit only for small societies and patriarchal government, but in large societies would degenerate into mob law and Shamanism.

That the special priesthood should in Christianity be sacri-

ficial follows from the preeminently sacrificial character of the Christian religion.\*

The anti-Catholic position, that Our Lord's unique sacerdotal position is incompatible with the existence of a special sacrificial Christian priesthood, loses every vestige of plausibility when we come to study the Epistle to the Hebrews. In that Epistle he is repeatedly called a priest,† and a stupid or dishonest controversialist can (if he is addressing only ignorant people) give rise to the above impression by quoting just those passages and suppressing the others from which it is seen that "priest" is used of Our Lord only for the sake of varying the phraseology, and that He is not a priest merely, but a high priest.‡ Now a Bishop is a priest; he is a sort of local high priest in his diocese. The Pope is a priest; he is, as it were, the high priest of the Church on earth. But what should we think of the good sense of an

\* "Ye were redeemed, not with corruptible things . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled" (1 Peter i. 18, 19). "Behold the Lamb of God, Who taketh away the sin of the world;" "Who hath . . . washed us from our sins in His own blood;" "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (John i. 29; Apoc i. 5; 1 John i. 7). The similarity of expression between St. Peter and St. John, who was constantly associated with him (Luke xxii. 8; Acts i. 13; iii. 1, 3, 4, 11; iv. 13, 19; viii. 14; John i. 37, 40; xviii. 15, 16), will be remarked both in the passages just quoted and in those respecting the royal priesthood. The possibility that the expression, "the lamb," is a reminiscence of the words of St. John Baptist, may also be noticed. On the extent to which Christianity extended the idea of the power of sacrifice, confer *ante*, p. 134.—The above passages (to which others, *e.g.*, 1 John ii. 3, iv. 10, might easily be added) show how ungrounded is the assertion that the idea of Christ's death being sacrificial was introduced into Christianity by St. Paul.—In the Synoptic Gospels the Christian sacrifice is spoken of explicitly only in relation to the Eucharist, in which, however, is involved the sacrificial character of Christ's death on the cross; but there are references to some instruction or other given by Our Lord to His Apostles respecting the necessity of His death on the cross, which, though its nature is not stated, must have related to its sacrificial character (Matth. xvi. 21; Mark viii. 31; Luke xxiv. 25, 26, etc.) In the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, where the Holy Communion is spoken of in terms appropriate only to the partaking of a peace-offering (John vi. 52-58; cf. *ante*, pp. 137, 238), the same idea is necessarily involved.

† Hebrews v. 6; vii. 3, 11-25; viii. 4; x. 11, 12.

‡ Hebrews ii. 17; iii. 1; iv. 14, 15; vi. 5, 10, 20; vii. 26; viii. 1, 3; ix. 11; x. 21.

individual who, because the Bishop with respect to his diocese, or the Pope with respect to the Church militant at large, is called a priest or the priest, should gravely and seriously argue—in spite of priest being used only occasionally and as an alternative term for high priest or principal priest—that there could not possibly be any other priest in the diocese or any other priest in the whole Church on earth? We should, I hope, preserve our politeness; but could we help thinking him an ignoramus? When Our Lord is called high priest, it is implied that He is at the head of a special priesthood. The mere general priesthood of the people at large did not make Aaron a high priest. He was called high priest not in contrast with their universal sacerdotal office, but in comparison with the special priesthood of the priests who held their various offices in the sanctuary over which he presided. By virtue, therefore, of the very analogy on which the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews is working, the general priesthood of all Christians does not make Christ high priest, but to draw out the parallel a special Christian priesthood is required. For, to refer to parallel cases, the *chief* officer of a regiment must—unless they happen to have been killed off in battle—have other officers under his command; the *chief* minister of a sovereign prince must be at the head of a council of ministers; for there to be a Lord *High* Admiral there must be more admirals than one; it would be affectation for a schoolmaster to call himself the *head* master, if the school had no other master than himself; and, by parity, a priest who is a priest in the special sense of the term cannot be denominated a *high* priest unless he is at the head of a body of priests who are priests in the same sense and without equivocation. This, moreover, is the only sense in which either the author of the Epistle or his readers had ever heard or seen the expression “high priest” used; so that for this reason also, the general priesthood of all Christians (to which daily reference is made in the Mass when at the *Orate*,



*fratres*, it is said, *meum et vestrum sacrificium*) does not make Christ high priest, but there must be, as in the Old Law, Orders of priests acting under him in their several ministries.\*

X. Y. Z.

(To be continued.)

\* High priest in Greek is *archiereus*, the ruler of the priests; in Hebrew, *hac-cohen*, the priest (emphatically), *hac-cohen hag-gadhol*, the great priest (whence also in New Testament Greek, *hiereus*, priest, and *megas hiereus*, great priest), and, corresponding to *archiereus*, *hac-cohen ha-ro'sh*, the head priest. In Egypt, the whole country was regarded as the possession of the gods, and every Egyptian, as in a wide sense, a priest; while there were also special priesthoods, with, at each centre of worship, a high priest at the head. As among the Jews, the priesthood was hereditary:—"Each God is served not by one priest, but by many, over whom there is one high priest; and when one dies, his son succeeds him" (Herodotus, "Egypt," 37). An Egyptian high priest was called great priest, the priest, or the great (priest being understood). A remarkable institution in the Egyptian temples was that of prophets or declarers of the will of the god, who by reason of their office necessarily took precedence of the priests when the latter were not prophets also. The order of precedence was (Maspéro, "Journal Asiatique," February-March, 1888), "Prophets; Divine Fathers; Priests; Officiants [other than priests, corresponding to Levites]; Scribes of the Temple." Moses, it will be remembered, handed over the priesthood to Aaron, reserving the higher prophetic office. The high priests of Egypt, however, occupied, at times when the monarch was powerful and equal to the occasion, an entirely subordinate position with respect to the king, who was regarded as not only human but divine, as the intermediary between the gods and the people and the ultimate high priest of all (Maspéro, "Egyptian Archæology," Paris, 1887, pp. 92, 93). The precedence among these at the time of the papyrus deciphered by Maspéro in the "Journal Asiatique" was:—The First Prophet [who was also the great priest] of Amon, at Thebes; the Great Priest of Ra, at Heliopolis; the Superintendent of the Temple of Ptah at Risanbouf." The Theban hierarchy, formerly lower than that of Heliopolis or On (Genesis xli. 45), owed its pre-eminence largely to Rameses II. the third sovereign of the nineteenth dynasty, and the Pharaoh of the oppression; who called himself Rameses mer Amon, Rameses the love of Amon, and named one of his daughters Meri Amon, beloved by Amon. The Theban priesthood and its *entourage* became practically independent of the kings during the prostration of the royal power in the reigns of Menepthah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, and his successors, and it is possible that the expression "kings and priests" in Exodus may contain a reference to this a little later. Hirhor, a great priest of Amon, ascended the throne of Egypt, and founded the twenty-first dynasty.

*Laus Legis.*

VOX QUAERENTIS.

**W**HEN the great floodgates God first sundered  
Of Himself on desolation,  
And round reverberate Heaven there thundered  
The growl of an unleashed Creation,  
What voice could cry to discord : " Be  
Thou rampart round security ? "

VOX LEGIS.

I bade the frowning terror be  
Citadelled o'er security ;  
Yea, at my stamp she cowers, and lies  
The warden-hound of Paradise.

VOX QUAERENTIS.

Leviathan earth, with back upstood from  
Chaos, shook its woody fells ;  
Belching a conflagrantly flood from  
Its Aetnean spiracles ;  
And where then was there found a hand  
That could draw it to the land ?

VOX LEGIS.

I, with the finger of my hand,  
Plucked it to the heaven-strand ;  
And with a twist I bound it there  
Of adamantean gossamer.

VOX QUAERENTIS.

Whose the hand that strews the manna  
For the mailèd birds of God,  
When congregating pennons fan a  
Flicker from the flame-grassed sod,  
With tinkling jumble, and the clangours  
Intersweeping of sweet angers ?

VOX LEGIS.

I cast the Paradisal grain  
In a sudden rainbow-rain ;  
'Mid the clangour, clangour, clangour,  
Of their wings in argent anger.

VOX QUAERENTIS.

Threatening occidental rampires  
When the stellar hordes alight,  
Kindling their innumerable camp-fires  
On the champain of the night ;  
What tactic ranks their rangèd wars ?  
Who is the Captain of the stars ?

VOX LEGIS.

My nod their linked battalia wait,  
Their wheeling ranks intricate ;  
Until this rotten earth become  
An apple 'twixt the jaws of doom.

VOX QUAERENTIS.

Who hath seen the broods of lightnings  
Seething in their caverned cloud,  
And endured their dreadful brightenings  
With lids unblenched, with front unbowed ?  
Whose countenance the strong thunders mutes,  
When they tear Heaven up by the roots ?

## VOX LEGIS.

With moveless gaze enchant I these,  
And interspheral harmonies ;  
I bid the levins' stroke and pause,  
Or twitch the sting from their hot jaws.

## VOX QUAERENTIS.

When Eve's blown vestures half uncover  
The lucence of her moonèd breast ;  
And a red vortex gurgles over  
The foundered sun in the tossed West,  
Who to the heavens' high-seas restores  
And sets it round with silver oars ?

## VOX LEGIS.

I bid its banks of vibrant rays  
Beat to bright froth heaven's water-ways ;  
Unmooring from Phosphorian shores  
The long flash of those silver oars.

## VOX QUAERENTIS.

When the lady lily, slipping  
Her green garment, stands up slight,  
With her white limbs newly dripping  
From the laving of the light ;  
What hand can gird her safely pure,  
From her funeral mold renew her ?

## VOX LEGIS.

I engird her safely pure,  
From sepulchral mold renew her ;  
Till the dead stars that night enwombs  
Burst the lids o' their golden tombs.



VOX QUAERENTIS.

Who hath piped to every bird  
Pipings of so diverse noise ?  
Given each its little unknown word ?  
Perfumed with tone its diverse voice ?  
Who steers the throngs of note on note  
That shake its multitudinous throat ?

VOX LEGIS.

I teach their passionate souls, small, strong  
To break and curdle into song ;  
Allay or perturbate all notes  
That swarm within their populous throats

VOX QUAERENTIS.

Who graved grief's face, a signet-ring for  
God's own signet-hand to wear ?  
Made smooth joy a mirroring for  
Grief to see her own self fair ?  
The fount of tears so near to rise,  
Their spray perturbs the calm-mered eyes ?

VOX LEGIS.

Through me, through me, doth joyance prove  
The way to grief, and grief to love ;  
Yea, sadness sitteth, by my arts,  
A portress at the gate of hearts.

VOX QUAERENTIS.

Who is he of dread dominion,  
That, upon the peal of doom,  
Weighs two firmaments of pinion,  
Constellate of burning plume ?  
Under his foot off-pushing into flight,  
The universe goes rocking down to night.

## VOX LEGIS.

That is I, oh, that is I!  
By me what sprung, by me shall die:  
Back to God's stretched hand I fly,  
To perch there for eternity.  
The fates may gorge to their content,  
To implacable desire,  
On the shapes that drift asunder  
Down the inundating thunder,—  
Carrion hulks of continent,  
Redly riven, and bleeding fire:  
But I shadow with supernal  
Wings of sway the fields eternal.  
There my great empery feels not jars,  
Though the sick heaven shall moult its stars.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

*Reviews and Views.*

THE LATE MR.  
S. N. STOKES.

THE Catholic body in England has this year lost a member it could ill spare by the death of Mr. Scott Nasmyth Stokes, one of the earlier converts, and all his life a distinguished and public-spirited Catholic. Public life, indeed, in the best sense, would probably have been his career but for the inclination to retirement, which, in his case, accompanied his choice in religion. As it was, he served the public as Inspector of Schools with such honour and intelligence as gained a high appreciation from his colleagues. Readers of MERRY ENGLAND were aware of the fine example of his life before that life closed in the peace, humility, and dignity of his death.

A ONCE  
POPULAR  
WRITER.

THE writer who signs "M." in the *Fortnightly Review*, has achieved a certain success of common-sense in his two recent articles on Divorce. But it is a success which other equally lucid and intelligent thinkers have long deliberately denied themselves. It is all too easy, and there were good reasons for abstaining from it. And it consists in this: an exposition, nay an exposure, of the absolutely unsanctioned position of religious and other persons who recognise no true sanctions for their morality, and yet enforce it with all intolerance of feeling and effectiveness of legislation. For no authoritative sanctions exist except infallible religious sanctions for coercion in the matter of marriage and divorce. These the whole non-Catholic world has abjured—the religious and the free-thinking parts of it together—and yet the strong prejudice

of consciences formed and founded upon dogma holds them to rules of conduct, and enables them to put compulsion, not moral only but legislative, upon their fellow-men. The unreasonableness of the attitude was obvious enough, so that no great intellectual credit is gained by him who expresses and exposes it. On the other hand, a singular lack of human considerateness is proved by this claim of a cheap lucidity. "M." has vindicated his logic as being at least more explicit than other men's, but he has hastened the disastrous day when the law necessary to men shall be swept away from their place and power of mere habit.

HIS SUGGESTIONS  
FOR DIVORCE. **I**N some quarters "M.'s" articles have been pronounced to be a masked apology for the full Catholic doctrine. The same thing was said, years ago, of "Is Life Worth Living?" and other essays which we believe we may attribute to the same pen. But it is said with much less reason in the present case. "M." acknowledges the Catholic doctrine on marriage to be the only doctrine, but he makes it clear enough that he holds the time to have come for the absolute ceasing of doctrine. Marriage, he says in effect, is sanctified, or, indeed, justified, by nothing except consent and fitness; it should cease when consent flags and when fitness is deficient; and unfitness in temper and companionableness is a much more serious reason for putting an end to any marriage than what the world usually means by the large word infidelity. He would recommend free and ready divorce. The absurdity of the present law of divorce in England he clearly discerns: "A marriage is dissolved solely in the interests of the party who had, it is presumed, no wish for its dissolution; and it has only to be proved that both parties have desired to free themselves from its bondage, and the law takes care that the fetters shall be riveted on their limbs for ever." And his remedy for this



manifest anomaly is that permanence in marriage—which he owns he considers desirable—should be safeguarded by nothing except the force of habit—the sloth (we are not using his words) which would disincline the father or mother of a family from going through the long processes of a new alliance. So that, after all, his own doctrine of continued consent and fitness is to be defeated by the vile vice of sloth, and the husband who considers that his wife's horrible temper makes her a distinctly unpleasant companion may be induced to remain with her on account of the expense and trouble of making the preliminaries to a new union—the lease of a house being on his hands too, and provision for his wife after divorce being, perhaps, a difficult matter! The doctrine, therefore, which sounds so spiritual and delicate disappears before the most vulgar forms of utility.

LOVE AND  
LAW.

**N**OW, even while seeming to recognise the supernatural Catholic doctrine as at least intelligible for those who choose to receive it, "M." betrays a profound unconsciousness of its real constraining power, which is a power over the inmost heart far more than over the outward conduct of life. The irrevocable vow would be tyranny indeed did it not work within and strongly incline the very impulse of unpremeditated nature towards constancy. "Bind love with duty," wrote one of the wisest human beings of this century; she wrote not "bind action," "bind life," but "bind love." And love is so bound. Compelled by Divine and human law it is new every morning; and to deny this intimate paradox is to be ignorant of the truths of the human heart. No man can deny it without refusing to hear the evidence of the world, a world full of affection, of constancy, of fidelity, and of law. By an incalculable majority the millions of mankind, free to live as their nature bade them, have rushed in couples into life-long bonds.

JAMES RUSSELL  
LOWELL. **L**ITERATURE, and poetry itself—as a study rather than as an art—have lost much by the death of James Russell Lowell, famous in the United States before the War as the author of the “Biglow Papers.” And as such he will be doubtless remembered, as a humourist in dialect rather than as a poet in language but half poetic, or an essayist in most rich and admirable English. The best part of his fame is that of a prose writer, but by far the largest part is his as a Yankee rhymester as fertile in puns as Tom Hood. It is hard to believe, however, that any English reader has ever found much entertainment in “Biglow” or in “The Fable for Critics.” The latter famous poem deals partly with people whose fame has not reached either our shores or our times. Though so full of ironies and mockeries, the Fable is—little as its author can have suspected it—but another version of the hero-worship of the times of Martin Chuzzlewit. “The most remarkable man in the country” really reappears amongst those whom Lowell thought eminent enough for conspicuous satirising. As for his serious poetry, it is so well equipped with dignified thought and fine imagery, that its dulness is difficult to explain or define. Whereas his prose makes no secret of its beauty. It is, like Matthew Arnold’s, quite modern, contemporary prose, showing no direct return to the construction or diction of another age, and certainly not inclining markedly to either Teutonic or Romance derivations. It simply uses the best available word according to the literary custom of the day, yet it always has a *choice* air, which we are convinced can be got from nothing but intellectual, refined, and sincere thinking. Lowell’s two slender books of essays, “Among my Books” and “My Study Windows,” are an admirable school of critical study. He was, moreover, not only a scholar but a linguist, a student of the dead tongues and of the living, and of those that still sing in modern poetry, though they have ceased to buy, or sell, or order our affairs.

LETTERS FROM THE CARDINAL. **S**UPPLEMENTING the Letters of the Cardinal Archbishop, collected in last month's issue, we give the following note addressed, not long ago, by His Eminence to Mr. Hodges, the publisher :

Dear Sir,—I thank you for your kind attention in sending me your reprint of "Maitland's, Dark Ages," a learned and honest book, one of the first that broke through the tradition of falsified history. Dr. Maitland I knew well, and had a great regard for him.

Believe me, yours faithfully,  
HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop.

VIEWS AND VERSES. **A**LADY, not a Catholic, who read the Letters of the Cardinal Archbishop, writes to tell us how much she has been touched by them. She has also read the same author's "Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost," with results which she has put into verses :

I once did read a wondrous book,  
A diamond it seemed,  
So sparkling were its words of truth ;  
As light their radiance gleamed  
On adamantine mystery ;  
Those words did bind, yet set me free.

And every facet's gleam was true,  
Together made a whole ;  
One radiant, sparkling, glowing light,  
Dawned on my waking soul.  
Truth flashing with a thousand rays,  
Yet still as one it met my gaze.

Yes, still as one, O truth divine,  
O oneness of the Church of God,  
O living, tender Heart of Christ !  
I saw the path the Saints have trod.  
I saw it in that holy light,  
Truth's diamond, gleaming pure and bright.

C. H.

A BATCH OF  
BOOKS.

**A**PPROPRIATE for the holiday season comes a batch of books, new and old, some issued in bindings designed by Mr. Aymer Vallance, as part of the "Granville Popular Library." Mr. Aubrey de Vere's "Select Specimens of the English Poets" betrays a poet's taste and choice, and, in its new form, will no doubt gain at last the large circulation which every lover of literature bespeaks for it. Another book, the "Memoir of the Hon. E. Dormer"—a contemporary soldier of approved piety—supplies to modern Catholic literature one of those volumes in which Protestantism is so rich. Conscience's "Demon of Gold" and "Curse of the Village" are sure of readers in whatever form they come; and the "Life of St. Elizabeth" has lately been invested with what journalists call current interest. Miss Alice Corkran's "Young Philistine and other Tales," are already known to readers of these pages, where they appeared so long ago as to come to us now for an impartial re-reading. In their way, they are unsurpassed among the stories of the day, justly meriting the high praise given to them by Mr. Browning and by all the leading literary reviews. Tender in feeling and delicate in fancy, they have also that rare universality of interest which fits them for readers of all ages and classes. Another set of books, similar in scope, and also issued by Messrs. Burns and Oates, which come to us in the glory of new bindings, are Mrs. Hope's "Life of St. Philip Neri," and her "Early Martyrs," proved in popularity by passing through edition after edition.



# Messrs. Burns and Oates' Monthly List.

## Announcements.

### *In the Press and in Preparation.*

**The Autobiography of Archbishop Ullathorne.** With Selections from his letters. By AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE.

**Ireland and St. Patrick.** A Study of the Saint's Character, and of the results of his Apostolate. By the Rev. W. B. MORRIS, of the Oratory.

**Life of the Curé of Ars.** From the French of the Abbé MONNIN. Edited by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. A new and cheap Edition.

**Life of St. Francis di Geronimo, S.J.** By A. M. CLARKE. (New volume. Quarterly Series.)

**The Spirit of St. Ignatius,** Founder of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French of the Rev. Fr. XAVIER DE FRANCIOSI, of the same Society.

**Succat ; or, Sixty Years of the Life of St. Patrick.** By the Very Rev. Mgr. ROBERT GRADWELL.

## THE CAXTON REVIEW OF CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

### CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

- |                                 |                                |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Archbishop Porter's Letters. | 5. The Rosaries of Two Queens. |
| 2. St. Dominic and England.     | 6. Father Curtis, S.J.         |
| 3. Victor Hugo Unmasked.        | 7. Literary Chit-chat, &c.     |
| 4. Talleyrand and Bonaparte.    |                                |

SUBSCRIPTION 3/- PER ANNUM POST FREE.

\* \* Subscriptions received by Messrs. Burns & Oates.

## The Lyceum.

### CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. A Symposium on Foreign Immigration.       | 6. Studies.—VI. In English Literature. Cra- |
| 2. German and English Universities compared. | shaw and Habington.                         |
| 3. Is the Homeric Problem Insoluble?—IV.     | 7. Recent Works on Social Science.          |
| 4. Two "Stories of the Nations."             | 8. From the Universities.                   |
| 5. Modern Minnesingers.—II.                  | 9. Notices of Books.                        |
|  | 10. Notices of Periodicals.                 |

SUBSCRIPTION 5/- PER ANNUM POST FREE.

\* \* Subscriptions received by Messrs. Burns & Oates.

London: 28, Orchard Street, W., and 63, Paternoster Row, E.C.  
New York: 12, East Seventeenth Street.

Just Out.

## THE PRIZE BOOK OF THE SEASON.

*Handsomely bound in Cloth, extra gilt. Price 15s. net.*

## SAINT IGNATIUS LOYOLA

AND

## THE EARLY JESUITS.

BY

STEWART ROSE.

With more than 100 Illustrations.

The Fourth Centenary of the Birth of ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA has been chosen for bringing out *an Entirely New and Richly-Illustrated Edition of this popular Life of the Saint and of his Early Companions.*

The quantity of fresh and important material which, since the last Edition, has been brought to light, and especially the new Spanish publication of "Letters of St. Ignatius" (*Cartas de San Ignacio*), of which the sixth and last volume has so lately appeared, have thrown a flood of light on the central figure and on all its surroundings. By a careful revision, everything of interest has been embodied in this new Edition, which forms the last and most complete sketch of a period of Church history of absorbing interest.

To add to the value of this Edition, the whole has been illustrated by careful drawings of scenes and subjects connected with the life, from the hands of Messrs. H. W. and H. C. BREWER, and of Mr. L. WAIN. The drawings are from photographs or from sketches made on the spot, and they are for the most part quite new to the artist's pencil. All care and research has been employed, where possible, as an appendix will show, to make an exact restoration of the towns and places as they were in the time of St. Ignatius, and the name of Mr. H. W. BREWER is sufficient guarantee for the excellence and fidelity of such restorations.

The book forms a handsome work of over 600 pages, super royal 8vo, and is brought out under the immediate superintendence of the Rev. W. H. EYRE, S.J.

"Nothing but praise can be given to the author, and the Rev. William Eyre, the talented English Jesuit, by whom the work has been supervised, and to whom in acknowledgment it is dedicated. Rarely does a work proceed from the denominational press as beautifully printed and elegantly finished as this. The illustrations are appropriate, artistic, and profuse; an appendix affords the minutest details as to the executants, and vouches for authenticity."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette.*

"The materials for the book have been gathered together with exemplary care and labour from authorities old and recent, and more particularly from authentic sources of information which have only become accessible within the last few years. Emphatic praise and recognition are due to the manner in which the volume is illustrated; the engravings and sketches so freely scattered through the book elucidate the life of Saint Ignatius almost as much as the text. . . . Whatever may be thought of the Society of Jesus, its principles and influences, the founder of the Order stands forth as one of the greatest men of his time and his Church."—*Scotsman.*

London: 28, Orchard Street, W., and 63, Paternoster Row, E.C.  
New York: 12, East Seventeenth Street.

*Just out. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 7s. 6d.*

THE LETTERS  
OF THE LATE  
Father GEORGE PORTER, S.J.,  
ARCHBISHOP OF BOMBAY.

"Dr. Porter's letters possess an interest and importance outside the private circle of friends to whom they were addressed. . . . The letters will strike every reader at once as manifesting a religious character of their own, which any extraneous explanation would spoil. There is a frank, outspoken individuality in them which is peculiarly English, and altogether an advance on recent publications of the same class. . . . Throughout we feel around us the fresh, robust life and healthy thought which is most natural to the nation to which the writer belongs, even though in every page there breathes the spirit of a man, who is consciously under the influence of that eternal kingdom to which he aspires."—*Lyceum*.

*In the Press. Ready shortly.*

SUCCAT;  
OR,  
SIXTY YEARS OF THE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.  
BY THE  
VERY REV. MGR. ROBERT GRADWELL.

Monsignor Gradwell in this work has treated his subject from a novel point of view. In the first place, he has chosen a portion only of the life of St. Patrick, and that, the one which has for the most part been treated with scant notice, namely, the years that preceded his second arrival in Ireland. Again, he has attempted to exhibit him in the light in which he was seen by his contemporaries, and has surrounded him with the actual circumstances of time and place. To most persons, who are not students, the idea of St. Patrick is limited to his successful and wonderful preaching of the Gospel, and its abiding and wide-world results. Mgr. Gradwell fully recognized this view, but he contents himself with the humbler task of tracing the Saint from his birth, on the north bank of the Clyde, through the various influences that moulded and developed his character, to the time, when with the blessing of Pope Celestine, he landed with a message of light and grace on the sandy sea-shore at the foot of the Wicklow Mountains. Wherever it is possible the writer lets St. Patrick speak for himself. He introduces the reader to the persons and places with which he came in contact, and his aim has been throughout to describe him as a living, breathing man, a real being made of flesh and blood, and not a creature of either a poetical imagination or of religious enthusiasm. The style is eminently readable, the descriptions are vivid, and the narrative of events is clear and accurate. We may add that the work is now published at the suggestion of the Archbishop of Glasgow, who has greatly encouraged the author in his labour of love.

London: 28, Orchard Street, W., and 63, Paternoster Row, E.C.  
New York: 12, East Seventeenth Street.



## New Publications.

**The Science of God.** A Sermon preached at Cardiff at the recent Meeting of the British Association. By the Right Rev. JOHN CUTHBERT HEDLEY, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia. 6d.

**Letters on Subjects of the Day.** By the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Edited by JOHN OLDCASTLE. With an Illustration of a Reception by His Eminence, by Mr. PONSONBY STAPLES; Sketches of Archbishop's House; His Eminence's various Signatures in Facsimile, &c. Price 1s., in paper; 2s., in cloth.

**Cardinal Newman.** Reminiscences of Fifty Years since. By one of his oldest living Disciples, WILLIAM LOCKHART, B.A. Oxon. To which is added an Essay on a more recent phase of the Oxford Movement. With Portrait of his Eminence. 1s.

**The Science of the Saints in Practice.** By JOHN BAPTIST PAGANI, Second General of the Institute of Charity. Complete in three volumes. Crown 8vo. Price 5s. each. Vol. 1, January to April. Vol. 2, May to August. Vol. 3, September to December.

"'The Science of the Saints' is a practical treatise on the principal Christian virtues, abundantly illustrated with interesting examples from Holy Scripture as well as from the Lives of the Saints. Written chiefly for devout souls, such as are trying to live an interior and supernatural life, by following in the footsteps of our Lord and His saints, this work is eminently adapted for the use of ecclesiastics and of religious communities."—*Irish Ecclesiastical Record*.

**Meditations on the Gospels for Every Day in the Year.** By the Rev. P. MÉDAILLE. Translated into English from the new Edition, enlarged by the Besançon Missionaries, under the direction of the Rev. W. H. EYRE, S.J. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. (This work has already been translated into Latin, Italian, Spanish, German, and Dutch.)

"A really good book of Meditations, and we earnestly recommend it."—*Irish Monthly*.

"These Meditations will receive a hearty welcome. They are novel in shape, brief, and interesting. Readers have only to examine the table of contents to fall in love with it at once."—*New York Catholic Review*.

**Memoir of the late Father Albany J. Christie,** of the Society of Jesus. By RICHARD F. CLARKE, of the same Society. With Portrait. 6d.

**Census Book for making up the Status Animarum.** Printed with approval of the Ordinary, for use in the Archdiocese of Westminster. In strong leather binding. 8vo, 1s. net.

**Canterbury: A Guide for Catholics.** By the Rev. JOHN MORRIS, S.J., F.S.A. Price 1d.

**Lerins Abbey.** Translated from the French by Lady MARTIN. 2d.

JUST OUT. A New and Popular Edition of

**MRS. HOPE'S WORKS** in uniform binding.

	S.	D.
Life of St. Philip Neri ... ..	1	0
Franciscan Martyrs ... ..	1	6
Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury ... ..	2	0
Early Martyrs... ..	2	6

"Mrs. Hope's books are not popular sketches, but the fruit of deep and persevering research, or, as the *Dublin Review* characterized one of them, 'a growth of individual, intellectual labour, fed from original sources, and fused by the polish of a discerning and cultivated mind.' In spite of her half dozen editions, I suspect that Mrs. Hope's very great merits are unknown even to many Catholics who are deeply interested in English literature."—*Irish Monthly*.

London: 28, Orchard Street, W., and 63, Paternoster Row, E.C.  
New York: 12, East Seventeenth Street.



*Ready Shortly. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 7s. 6d.*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
ARCHBISHOP ULLATHORNE.  
BY  
AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE.

The Autobiography of Archbishop Ullathorne—who, as Bishop of Birmingham, was the Ordinary as well as the warm friend of Cardinal Newman—was written in the year 1868, at the request of an intimate friend, and with no view of publication. It was revised by the writer toward the end of his life, and it is from this revised copy that the greater portion of the present volume has been prepared.

## The New Prayer Book.

# The Gate of Heaven.

**Compiled from Approved Sources.**

(Containing the Ordinary of the Mass.)

*With Imprimatur of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop  
of Westminster.*

Beautifully printed on superfine paper, with fancy capitals and red borders.

*The most convenient Pocket Prayer Book ever issued.*

**Size, 2½ inches wide, 4½ inches long, half an inch thick.**

RED LINE EDITION.

RED LINE EDITION.					S.	D.
Persian Seal, limp, red edges	...	...	...	...	2	0
Kangaroo, limp, gilt edges	...	...	...	...	3	0
German Calf, limp, red under gold edges	...	...	...	...	4	6
Morocco	"	"	"	...	4	6

FLORAL BORDER EDITION.

Morocco, antique bevelled, red under gold edges ...	...	5	0
German Calf, padded, red under gold edges ...	...	5	6
Russian, limp, solid red under gold edges ...	...	6	6

**London : 28, Orchard Street, W., and 63, Paternoster Row, E.C.**  
**New York : 12, East Seventeenth Street.**

**RE-OPENING OF SCHOOLS.****The Cardinal Series.****DRAWING BOOKS.**

Made of extra superfine thick Cartridge Paper, expressly manufactured for the purpose, and strongly stitched with thread into stout and attractive covers; each book bearing an excellent portrait of a well-known Cardinal. The best and cheapest Series in the market.

One Price only, viz.: One Penny each; 9s. per gross. All Regulation size, 11 by 7½.

No. 1. 16 pp. Drawing to Scale. Eighths. (Spacings guaranteed correct.)

No. 2. 16 pp. Plain Paper.

No. 3. 24 pp. Ditto. (A slightly thinner paper being employed.)

\* \* This series has been prepared to meet the requirements of the new Code.

**EXERCISE BOOKS.**

An extra fine cream-laid paper has been used for this series, and the sheets are securely stitched with thread into strong and attractive covers.

Each book bears an excellent portrait of a well-known Cardinal.

**Prices.**

One Penny each, or 9s. per gross.

Twopence each, or 18s. per gross.

No. 1. 40 pp. ruled faint.

No. 5. 100 pp. ruled faint.

No. 2. 40 pp. „ cross faint.

No. 6. 100 pp. „ cross faint.

No. 3. 40 pp. „ double small faint.

No. 7. 100 pp. „ double small faint.

No. 4. 40 pp. reserved for special rulings.

No. 8. 100 pp. reserved for special rulings.

Nos. 4 and 8 are reserved for special rulings to pattern, and will be supplied, provided a sufficient quantity is ordered, at 9s. and 18s. per gross respectively.

**MANUSCRIPT BOOKS.**

Foolscap quarto, 8 by 6½ ... .. from 2/9 to 24/- per doz.  
Post quarto, 9½ by 7½ ... .. „ 4/9 to 30/- „ „

**MAPPING BOOKS.**

Smooth Drawing Cartridge, Red Oxford Border, in 2 sizes,  
marble covers ... ..

2/9 and 3/6 per doz.

**EXAMINATION PAPERS.**

Foolscap folio, 13 by 8, Single Sheets, Printed Heading, Margin Lines.

In various rulings ... .. 2/- per 100 sheets.

**EXERCISE OR EXAMINATION SCROLL PAPERS.**

Foolscap quarto, 8½ by 6, plain or ruled... .. from 2/3 to 6/- per ream.

Post quarto, 9½ by 7½, plain or ruled ... .. „ 3/9 to 8/- „ „

Foolscap folio, 13 by 8½ ... .. „ 3/9 to 14/- „ „

**BLOTTING PAPERS.**

Pink and White, 22½ by 17½ ... .. 1/- and 1/9 per quire.

**KINDERGARTEN, CALISTHENIC, AND MUSICAL  
DRILL APPARATUS.**

A large stock to select from. Inspection invited. Estimates submitted.

**NOTE PAPERS AND ENVELOPES.**

A large selection kept in stock. Prices on Application.

Pens, Penholders, Lead and Slate Pencils, Ink, Slates, Chalk, &c., &c.

Illuminated School Certificates in great variety.

**SCHOOL FURNITURE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**

Illustrated Catalogue post free on application. Estimates and samples submitted.

London: 28, Orchard Street, W., and 63, Paternoster Row, E.C.

New York: 12, East Seventeenth Street.

Award of the Highest Merit, Melbourne Centennial Exhibition.

## The Granville Reading Books.

Adopted by the London and other School Boards.

A new Illustrated Series of READING BOOKS, designed to meet the latest requirements of the New Code in all Schools.

They are carefully graduated, interestingly written, well illustrated, strongly bound, and form one of the CHEAPEST SERIES OF READERS yet published.

		Pages s. d.			Pages s. d.
Primer	cloth, illustrated,	32...0 2	Standard III.	cloth, illustrated,	208...0 10
Infant Reader	" "	64...0 4	" IV.	" "	240...1 0
Standard I.	" "	144...0 6	" V.	" "	336...1 3
" II.	" "	144...0 8	" VI.	" "	382...1 6

## The Granville History Readers.

Edited by T. F. LIVESEY.

Primer of English History.	Part I.	...	...	...	...	0 2
Ditto.	Part II.	...	...	...	...	0 3
No. I.	Stories from English History.	Illustrated.	Adapted to Standard III.	...	...	0 10
No. II.	History of England, from the Romans to the Wars of the Roses.	Prose and Verse.	Illustrated.	Adapted to Standard IV.	...	1 3
No. III.	History of England, from the Wars of the Roses to the Present Day.	Prose and Verse.	Illustrated.	Adapted to Standard V.	...	1 6
No. IV.	Notable Events in England's History.	Being Selections from the best writers in Prose and Verse.	Illustrated.	Adapted to Standards VI. and VII.	...	1 9

## The Granville Poetry Books.

These books have been adopted by the London and several other School Boards.

The Senior Poetical Reader.

Twenty-first Edition, price 1s.

### Poetical Recitations for the Standards.

No. 1	for Standards I. and II.	19 Poems, 16 pages, price	...	...	...	0 1
" 2	" "	III. 14 " 16 " "	...	...	...	0 1
" 3	" "	IV. 25 " 40 " "	...	...	...	0 2
" 4	" "	V. 20 " 42 " "	...	...	...	0 2
" 5	" "	VI. & VII. 17 " 54 " "	...	...	...	0 3

The Poems are from Standard Authors. The Marginal Notes are very full, and short Biographical Sketches of the Authors are given.

## The New Granville Standard Copy Books.

Twopence each. 18s. per gross net. Twelve Books. Two for each Standard.

*Specimen Pages on Application.*

A THOROUGHLY GOOD SET OF WRITING BOOKS.

Also a Cheaper Edition. Twelve Books. One Penny each.

Approved by the Science and Art Department. Adopted by the London School Board.

## PRACTICAL GEOMETRY FOR SCIENCE AND ART STUDENTS.

A COURSE OF LESSONS ON

The Construction of Plane Figures and Scales, Pattern Drawing, Geometrical Tracery, and Elementary Solid Geometry. To which is added a section on the ORTHOGRAPHIC PROJECTION of Points, Lines, Planes, and Objects of Simple Form, followed by Lessons on GRAPHIC ARITHMETIC. By JOHN CARROLL, Art Master, Hammersmith Training College. Fifteenth Edition. Strongly bound in cloth, 1s. 6d.

London : 28, Orchard Street, W., and 63, Paternoster Row, E.C.

New York : 12, East Seventeenth Street.





"We have no patience with people who go messing about with gum when they can get a bottle of Stickphast Paste at their stationer's for sixpence or a shilling and a rattling good brush thrown in!"—*Fun*.